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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IV — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1928 — NUMBER 50

Jockeys of Beauty

IN that beautiful and touching story of Gautier's, "The Fleece of Gold," which concerns one Tiburce, how he fell in love with the Magdalen in Rubens's "Descent from the Cross" in Antwerp Cathedral, saw a resemblance in little Gretchen of the Rue Kipdorp, and then, through the aloofness of the dream possessing him, visited great unhappiness for a period both upon himself and his perfectly human mistress,—in that narrative you will find excellent advice, not only to human lovers but to some modern critics. Yet why say "modern," since in every era there exist those estheticians who seek an absolute of beauty that makes all writing warm with human emotion mere fuel for their scorn. Gautier, himself, indeed, sought beauty's absolute. He is the Tiburce of his own tale. He recognized within himself the curse of the chimera. But Gautier was a creative artist and therefore possessed the intensity that shakes the lines in which he turns and rends his own vain nostalgia, "Go and buy another bouquet for Gretchen, who is a sweet and lovely maiden; drop your dead women and your phantoms, and try to live with the people of this world."

It is a little later on, in the ejaculatory interlude that he touches shrewdly, down the years, a persisting school of criticism, a school whose comments, for all their erudition, are essentially arid. He cries:

> From Orpheus and Lycophron down to M. de Lamartine's last volume, you have devoured everything that is composed of meters, of rhymed lines, and of strophes cast *in every possible mold*; *no romance* has escaped you. You have traversed from end to end the vast world of the imagination; you know all the painters from Andrea Rico of Crete, and Bizzamano, down to Messieurs Ingres and Delacroix; you have studied beauty at its purest sources; the bas-reliefs of Ægina, the friezes of the Parthenon, the Etruscan vases, the hieratic sculptures of Egypt, Greek art and Roman art, the Gothic and the Renaissance; you have searched and analyzed everything; you have become a sort of jockey of Beauty, whose advice painters take when they desire to select a model, as one consults a groom concerning the purchase of a horse.

And he follows this with an exhortation to throw the books in the fire, tear the engravings, shatter the plaster casts:

> Of what use is this sterile admiration to you? . . . Great geniuses alone are entitled not to be content with creation. . . . You crush with ineffable disdain every worthy tradesman who prefers a vaudeville song to a tercet of Dante, and the muslin of fashionable portrait painters to a sketch by Michelangelo. Such a man is in your eyes below the brute, and yet there are plain citizens whose minds—and they have minds—are rich with poetic feeling, who are capable of love and devotion, and who experience emotions of which you are incapable, you whose brain has annihilated the heart.

Yes, this is the speech of Théophile Gautier, that authoritative Parisian critic during the second quarter of the nineteenth century, that Cellini of poets, that agonist of the *mot juste*, that worshipper of a chill, inflexible ideal. We think of him as a master cutter of cameos, as a precisian in style, as an entirely detached artist. Yet behold his address to the "jockeys of beauty"!

Today there are certainly such critics, both of an older and a newer generation. Their concerns are high-minded, but in some the brain has so nearly annihilated the heart that all sentiment to them has become "sentimentality," all expression of emotion a defect. That they seek a chimera may be particularly illustrated by sundry eulogia of the most extreme modern poetry, for instance, where the work is frankly an intellectual exercise, without either warmth or impetus. Poetry written with zest, with abundant vitality, or with human feeling, they peck at and pass by. On the other hand, their enthusiasm kindles at the intensely enigmatic, at work they are certain the crowd will not understand. They cultivate intellectual snobbery.

This needs to be said. There are, of course, other critics. Nor are we arguing that sincere emotion is any excuse for the production of a bad poem

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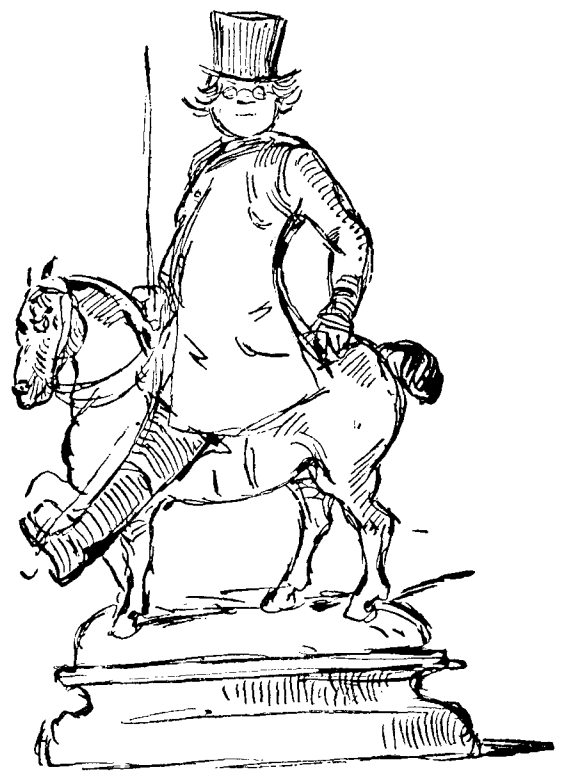

From a drawing by Thackeray of an equestrian statue of himself in the possession of Mrs. Brookfield.
From "A Collection of Letters of Thackeray." (Scribners.)

This Week

"The Newer Knowledge of Bacteriology and Immunology."
Reviewed by *T. Swann Harding.*
"Defense of the West."
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"Sex Freedom and Social Control."
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"An Indian Journey."
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Best Stories of Norway and Sweden.
Reviewed by *Phillips D. Carleton.*
Mr. Moon's Notebook
By *William Rose Benét.*
"The Road to Heaven."
Reviewed by *Theodore Purdy, Jr.*
"The Battle of the Horizons."
Reviewed by *Grace Frank.*
Off the Deep End. III.
By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

A Sublimated Puritan.
By *Rollo Walter Brown.*

One of the Olympians

By FABIAN FRANKLIN

IN an evil moment for me—and perhaps for the readers of the *Saturday Review of Literature*—I accepted Mr. Canby's kind invitation to write something about Thackeray, apropos of the appearance of Mr. Melville's biography.* My heart and mind are full of Thackeray, but the art of saying things about literature is one in which I have had no practice, and for which I have little aptitude. This I knew quite well; but doubtless Mr. Canby knew it likewise, and wished me to say what was in me as best I could.

"Sir Walter Scott," says Woodberry in the opening sentence of his essay on Scott, "should be reckoned among the great benefactors of mankind." In striking this note first, Mr. Woodberry was doubtless giving voice to that sense of gratitude which in his own mind predominated even over his admiration of Scott's genius and his appreciation of its distinctive qualities. Millions have shared that feeling; and while the lovers of Thackeray have not numbered as many millions as those of Scott, their sense of the unique and priceless benefaction conferred by him has been, I feel sure, quite as intense.

Certainly it has been so with me; when I think of Thackeray I think of him above all as a benefactor. But gratitude, in such a case, is inseparable from admiration; the benefaction is one which only the highest genius is capable of bestowing. What Thackeray has done for me is to put into the world a crowd of friends and companions, living people whom I love and hate, admire and despise, smile at and smile with—who breathe again with the full breath of life every time I reread the books—whom I do not fully understand, just as I do not fully understand my wife or child, my dearest kinsfolk, my friends and comrades—whom I do not wish *fully* to understand, but whom I actually *do* understand far more profoundly and vitally than any possible analysis, any explicit interpretation, could make me understand them. All this, and much more, I get out of Thackeray; for the whole scene is pervaded by the spirit of its creator, which stirs me at will to tears or to laughter, to high aspiration or to chastening humility, to the most poignant emotions of the heart or the keenest pleasures of the mind.

This marvelous twofold power—the power of bodying forth individual human beings with matchless completeness and distinctiveness, and at the same time, without injury to the story, flooding the reader with feelings and thoughts that touch the very springs of human life as a whole—this power is exhibited only in the great novels of which "Vanity Fair" was the first. Writers on Thackeray have felt called upon to account for the fact that it was not until the appearance of "Vanity Fair" that he won recognition as a great writer. He was then thirty-six, and before that time had written much; and not only did these earlier writings bear evidence of his power, but among them there was one, "Barry Lyndon," which is justly rated a masterpiece. To account for the tremendous gap, both in point of public recognition and in point of merit, between the Thackeray of those earlier works and the Thackeray of "Vanity Fair" is perhaps a pretty

*WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. By LEWIS MELVILLE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $6.

It is proper to note that this is substantially a reissue of an earlier (London) edition of Mr. Melville's life of Thackeray.

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problem; but to me it hardly calls for explanation, except in so far as recognizing the nature of the difference between the works themselves may be regarded as an explanation. In everything that Thackeray wrote before "Vanity Fair," he was concerned with the execution of a definite and circumscribed task; between the achievement of these tasks and the creation of "Vanity Fair" or "Pendennis" or "The Newcomes" the difference lies not so much in the excellence of the execution as in the nature of the undertaking itself. Of course, most of the earlier writings cannot, in any aspect, bear comparison with the great novels; it is only in the case of such a work as "Barry Lyndon" that the distinction I am making has point. As a literary feat, as a consistently sustained *tour de force*, "Barry Lyndon" has few equals in literature; but Thackeray's peculiar greatness lay not in the performance of literary feats, however difficult and however admirable. His consummate mastery in this direction was to be superbly shown, later on, in a novel which, besides this mastery, does give play to the distinctive qualities of Thackeray's genius; but even "Henry Esmond" does not take possession of the reader with that marvelous power which, if he be a lover of Thackeray, makes "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes" an integral part of his very life.

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Thackeray's objective in these novels is broad and indefinite; that they are not, according to any orthodox formula, examples of artistic perfection—as "Henry Esmond" is—does not detract from their effect, but on the contrary is an essential element in their power. It would be natural to assume that at least in "Vanity Fair" he was occupied almost exclusively with a definite purpose; for the very title seems unmistakably to proclaim it, and the occasional moralizing apostrophes which have the title words as their keynote may be regarded as reaffirmations of the purpose. But in fact the idea runs through the book only as a single shining thread may run through a broad fabric filled with wonderful designs and rich with innumerable colors. Thackeray gave "Vanity Fair" the subtitle "A Novel without a Hero"; it might almost as truthfully be designated also as a sermon without a text, a lesson without a thesis. The book is not a *denunciation* of England's Vanity Fair; it is a *presentation* of it, charged with truth and satire and humor, but saturated with elemental sympathy for all that is beautiful and tender and touching and pitiful and inspiring in human beings. Its extraordinary hold upon us springs not from our interest in its exposure of vanity and selfishness and vulgarity, but from our interest in life itself. The characters are not analyzed, they are created; their inmost relations with one another are not set forth, they are developed—they emerge in our consciousness as do those of the men and women whom we know in the flesh. The illusion of reality is absolute. Just how it is brought about is a large question; but at least it is clear that if one were to ask "what drugs, what charms, what conjuration, and what mighty magic" Thackeray uses, the answer must be, as with Othello, that his power does not derive from any dark secret of artistic cunning.

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Two elements, however, in the art of the peculiarly Thackerayan novels—not only in the great triad above named, but likewise in 'The Virginians," in "Philip," and in the exquisite short story of which "Philip" was the long-deferred continuation—are manifestly essential to their potency. If Thackeray gives to his characters and events a quality of complete reality which the most searching psychological insight and the most perfect literary technic are alike powerless to create, it is because he brings to the aid of his art two agencies whose operation is at once simpler and more subtle, at once more diffused and more penetrating, than that of any explicit psychological illumination or of any overt literary craftsmanship. When you read Thackeray, you are not simply reading what Thackeray has written; you hear a *man* speaking to you, you vibrate to his voice as you do to that of a great living teacher and friend. And the relation is not established by any peculiar artifice; it springs from the fact that Thackeray really *is* addressing himself to you as he writes. He feels the presence of the reader just as a good teacher feels the presence of his class, as a great orator feels the presence of his audience. He is not addressing posterity or courting the approval of literary experts; he is speaking to living men and women, and he counts on them to do their share.

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In the creation of this relation between author and reader, the passages of overt moralizing, the digressions in which the author explicitly talks to the reader as such, are an altogether minor factor. Much may be said—much has been said—pro and con about these moralizings and digressions; my own opinion is that they heighten the effect of the books and do not mar their artistic character. But the question is not of major importance. It is not Thackeray's occasional turning aside from his story, but the way in which the story itself is told, that establishes his unique hold upon the reader's heart and mind. The spirit that is palpably manifested in the digressions is impalpably present throughout; and, what is much more to the point, in the telling of the story quite as much as in impressing its moral, Thackeray relies for effectiveness upon the active responsiveness of his audience. He does not enumerate the qualities of his characters or dissect the motives of their conduct; nor is their amazing reality adequately accounted for by saying that he sets them before us through their acts. Mere objective perfection in such presentation would not begin to suffice for the achievement; Thackeray not only gives us the perfect picture, but presents it in such a way as to evoke in its behalf all the resources of our own sympathetic imagination. To catalogue the examples of this would be almost to call the roll of the whole wonderful gallery of Thackeray portraits, great and small; but some of the most striking instances are to be found in the openings of the novels. In "Pendennis" we get to know the Major more fully as we go on; but he is completely created in the very first chapter—created not through anything like a complete portrayal, but through the enlistment of our fellow-feeling for this far from perfect, but acutely interesting, specimen of the English man of the world. A very different, and even more wonderful, instance is the opening chapter of "The Newcomes," together with the ensuing chapter "The Colonel's Letter-box." Is there any other example in literature of a creature of the imagination establishing so powerful a hold upon the reader at his first entrance? No such effect could be obtained by any art that did not enlist in its service the active coöperation of the reader; it is this which endues the picture with a fulness of life that no completeness of description, no subtlety of analysis, no perfection of literary technic, could breathe into it.

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It may be that this intimate contact with the living reader, this dependence upon awakening in a contemporary audience an emotional and intellectual sympathy which is necessary to the completeness of the effect, does not make for immortality; that we must be content to think of Thackeray's most distinctive works as the precious possession of, say, only three or four generations of human beings. But such a forecast of the future would be rash. To works of supreme and unique excellence in their kind it is unsafe to apply any general rule; and Thackeray's masterpieces, besides enjoying this preeminence as regards the particular quality that is characteristic of them, excel in that quality which, more than any other single attribute of a literary work, does make for immortality. His style is perfect; and its perfection has none of that character which makes some perfect styles not only fatiguing, but actually fatal to genuine effectiveness. Thackeray's style is a joy to the reader; it never fastens his attention in such a way as to divert his mind from the substance of what he is reading. We get an exquisite delight from it, but the delight flows in upon us as does the delight we get from a fine voice, which in no way distracts our thoughts from what the speaker is saying. This is so even when we are conscious of Thackeray's style as a source of pleasure and admiration. What mars the effect of some perfect styles is a different thing—our sense of the self-conscious *littérateur* operating upon us and exploiting us. This is a feeling which never obtrudes itself upon us in reading anything of Thackeray's.

Of Thackeray's novels, "Henry Esmond" is the only one that can be pronounced, in the usual acceptation of the words, a perfect work of art. That the man who wrote "Vanity Fair" also wrote "Henry Esmond" is a thing for which every lover of Thackeray must be thankful; not only because it is a beautiful novel, but also because it is a demonstration of Thackeray's ability to carry out, with signal perfection, so difficult an artistic undertaking. But lovers of Thackeray need feel no regret that he wrote only one "Henry Esmond"—that in "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes" he worked in a different spirit and aimed at a different effect. These books have the greatness that is theirs not *in spite* of their imperfection but *because* of it. The appeal they make, the power they exercise, the persistence of their content in our minds and hearts long after we have read them, the delight with which we reread them again and again—all these things are essentially bound up with that laxity of method, that free movement of story and comment, that confidential relation between author and reader, which the rigorous pursuit of artistic perfection would have made quite impossible. The art that went to the making of these books, even *as* art and aside from the human effect of them, is indeed as great as the art of "Henry Esmond." It is not as constantly exercised; the books have not only those imperfections (if such they must be called) which are an essential part of their greatness, but also some imperfections that are a real detriment. Not, indeed, "Vanity Fair," which, in a just view of what constitutes perfection, is as perfect as "Henry Esmond" itself; but certainly "The Newcomes," and to a less extent "Pendennis." But though "Henry Esmond" surpasses them all as a perfect work of art, any one of the three is a greater novel.

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Just as some have lamented that Thackeray's novels (except "Henry Esmond") are not examples of what is usually called artistic perfection, so others make a somewhat similar complaint in regard to his characters. The persons whom Thackeray bids us love and admire for beauty of character and action he fails to endow with intellectual qualities of similar excellence. But I feel no more regret over this shortcoming—if shortcoming it be—than over the other. Nor am I altogether satisfied with the explanation which his defenders usually put forward, even though they can cite in support of it Thackeray's own words, both in and out of his novels. Thackeray, they tell us, was giving us life as he knew it, men and women as he had seen them; and he had rarely or never seen a man of high intellectual powers or of commanding personality who had the guilelessness and chivalry of Colonel Newcome or the modesty and constancy and self-effacement of William Dobbin. But the mere rareness of such a combination is by no means the only, and by no means the most important, reason for its absence in Thackeray's characters. Reality so complete as that which he creates is not a mere matter of objective probability; it is a matter of subjective response. If Colonel Newcome were more intellectual or more shrewd, he might be just as real, but he would not be as real to us; for the reality with which he is endowed springs as much from our love as from our understanding, and it is difficult to love a human being who is *all* excellence. Yet I am very sorry for any one who thinks the Colonel a fool, or a person of inferior mind. Thackeray commits no such error as that of creating his ideal gentleman out of nothing but goodness and chivalry. Colonel Newcome's grace and charm, his delicacy of perception, even his humility in the presence of the literati of the younger generation, are signs not only of character, but of intellectual quality; nor is it for nothing that Thackeray makes us aware of the excellence of the Colonel's French.

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We give Colonel Newcome all the love and admiration that it may become a novelist to ask of us; who dares ask more is none. We would not have him different; and we would not have Dobbin different, or even Amelia Sedley. As for Dobbin, it is perfectly clear that he is a man of not only high but exceptional ability. Here simple-heartedness and unselfishness and ideal devotion really are combined with intellectual superiority; and it is part of Thackeray's perfect art that this superiority is not thrust forward, but yet is unmistakably intimated. It heightens the reader's sense of Dobbin's modesty and self-denial; it gives poignancy to the story of his lifelong adoration of Amelia, and especially to the powerful scene in which that story suddenly culminates in so dramatic a reversal of their relations. It is childish to think that because Dobbin is not brilliant and Amelia is not clever, and Colonel New-

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come is not intellectual, Thackeray leads us to infer that talent and goodness cannot go together. "Vanity Fair" is not a Sunday school story; and no novel ought to be that. When we read a great novel, we do not infer—we understand and we feel. As we read Thackeray's novels, our understanding of life is deepened, our feeling for it is enriched. We do not find the good always wise or always rewarded, nor the bad always foolish or always punished; but we cleave to the good and reject the bad, even though we may see that the bad are not without redeeming qualities and that the good fall short of perfection.

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Of Mr. Melville's biography I have said nothing, and I shall content myself with a very brief characterization. He gives us a straightforward story of Thackeray's life, told with sufficient fulness of detail, and so as to bring out its color as well as its mere outward events. He makes no pretension to profundity, and yet does not abstain from interpretative comment. The book is interesting from beginning to end. Thackeray's works, their nature and the manner of their production, are passed in review as they come into the life; and the traits of his character are brought out in many an incident, and many a quotation from his own and other persons' letters. When we come to the end of it all, the Thackeray whom we now know more fully is still the same Thackeray we have known all our lives through his works.

A Scientific Symposium

THE NEWER KNOWLEDGE OF BACTERIOLOGY AND IMMUNOLOGY. Edited by EDWIN O. JORDAN and I. S. FALK. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1928. $10.

Reviewed by T. SWANN HARDING

Editor Scientific Publications, U. S. Department of Agriculture

PERHAPS the reviewer may be pardoned for prefacing his remarks about this extraordinary all-star production with a paragraph or so upon the professionalization of knowledge which it so aptly exemplifies and typifies. By this is meant a certain artificiality of manner, bookishness, technicality, over-strictness in regard to petty rules, and a disposition to identify erudition with the specific knowledge the doctor of philosophy indulging in research is presumed conventionally to possess. In contradistinction to such writing we may cite the words of liberally informed gentlemen of culture who, though competent and well informed, are natural, human, and wholly at ease with knowledge,—the type we find, among statesmen, in Balfour and Haldane.

"One may be highly trained professionally, and, like William James and Mr. Justice Holmes, retain the spirit of the amateur always." But science and scientific training of today do their best to stifle such rare and delightful cultural flowers with the acrid manure of extreme specialization and diffidence towards broad, fundamental concepts.

But very recently the writer of these lines sat in his office with a thesis-wearied department head at Yale. This gentleman confessed that most of the papers presented to him describing work supposed to merit a doctorate were not even written in correct English; few of them were really comprehensible and all of them were totally devoid of the interest competent presentation can give to almost any subject. The professor complained that his graduate students had needed less specialization at some time in their careers and more acquaintance with the proper use of the English language!

About this same time the writer was also privileged to hear two lectures given to the graduate students of the Sterling Chemistry Laboratory, also at Yale. One of the speakers was from the University of Georgia; the other was head of the department of physical chemistry at Princeton. The former spoke on the electrochemical synthesis of organic compounds, the latter upon "excited" mercury atoms, atoms of mercury which had combined with a quantum unit of light and were ready to emit that light upon slight provocation. Although these lecturers were both specialists and experts they had somehow contrived to retain a sense of humor and a vision of their tiny sphere of activity as related to the entire body of science; they could actually make two most obscure and prosaic, not to say frightfully complex, subjects interesting to others who knew nothing of these esoteric fields.

But science, in the minds of most scientists, has usurped the place held by theology in the estimation of their forbears. It is a sacred and a very holy thing, to be viewed sternly. Such men cannot and will not make science comprehensible to ordinary people. The scientific journal, *Nature*, has repeatedly criticized the scientist for his unnecessarily technical language; it has suggested that he uses long words merely to show off. Slosson more recently accused the scientific writer of perfectly execrable syntax; he declared in *Science* that to get the meaning was like opening Chinese boxes.

The book under review is a massive and weighty tome contributed to by some eighty odd experts in bacteriology and immunology. Including the index, nearly twelve hundred pages are here amassed. It is not a book. It is decidedly a tome.

Scientifically it is impressive—even formidable. The contributors are undeniably authorities in all cases, whether they speak of "The Utilization of Aliphatic and Aromatic Compounds by Bacteria" or merely of "Atopy." This is decidedly not a volume for the educated layman to attack. He might better try chess or quadratics. It is to be

An illustration,, by the late A. B. Frost, for Joel Chandler Harris's "Uncle Remus" (Appleton).

read at one's leisure by a reader technically equipped. And yet, although austere, devoid of humor or of the slightest rhetorical device to intrigue the reader, it does seem that an abbreviated translation of the work might be made both interesting and useful to the amateur of knowledge who is now deliberately repelled by science. Scientifically it is irreproachable. To the inner circle it should be a valuable reference book. Even then its colorless style, its gargantuan formulas, and its mathematical hieroglyphics are forbidding.

Just why a symposium should be so highly specialized, so undeviatingly technical, and so successfully unreadable, is cause for wonder. Surely there are interesting things to say in these fields. Yet while one cannot quarrel with the ability and the reputation of the contributors, their manner of presentation is uniformly too depressing for words. Such writing is not necessary. It is not even wise. The process called research cannot go on without public support and the public cannot always be expected to support something it is practically forbidden to understand.

As the thesis-wearied professor remarked, there is insufficient correlation in colleges and universities between English and science. This is so true that the average candidate for the doctorate in the sciences usually cannot write his thesis in clear English; as for making it at all interesting to the reader —he has not the remotest idea how! Certainly this massively boring volume would indicate that such faulty correlation has gone on long enough. Let experimental scientists learn to write clear and pleasing English and they will find Fundamentalists perhaps less ferocious and more hospitable to their pronouncements.

William Benjamin King, better known as Basil King, died recently after an illness of some years. Mr. King began his career as an Episcopal minister, and continued as such until failing eyesight forced his resignation. With the remarkable will-power which characterized him through life he set himself to mastering typewriting before complete blindness came upon him, and after his resignation from the ministry devoted himself to writing. His first novel, "The Inner Shrine," published anonymously, met with immense success, and his succeeding books were also extremely successful.

West Versus East

DEFENSE OF THE WEST. By HENRI MASSIS. Translated by F. S. FLINT. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by RALPH BARTON PERRY

Harvard University

THE central theme of this book is the opposition of two creeds, the one which the author reprobates and the other which the author approves. The first is that "dreadful mixture of Kantian idealism, Bergsonism, and Freudism, that seeks to empty the mind of any objective content, exalts the primacy of the psychic and the individual, reduces truth to affective efficiency, sanctifies the ecstasy of the flesh, and lets loose vital forces on the pretext of spiritualizing them." It is the creed of subjectivism, romanticism, pantheism, mysticism, Rousseauism, anti-intellectualism. The second is the creed of Judæo-Christian monotheism, "garbed in the heritage of Græco-Latin culture," which put the accent on the unity, the personality, and the finality of *being:* one sole God, one sole truth, and one sole humanity, and at the same time one law, one right, one reason, and one universal and common morality.

Unfortunately, however, the author does not candidly analyze these creeds, and proceed by dispassionate argument to disprove the one and prove the other, as might be expected of an exponent of the universality of reason; he identifies these creeds with partisan solidarities, and uses them to array West against East, Catholic against Protestant, the Medieval against the Modern.

The author's method is not philosophical, but pseudo-historical. He claims that the truth is Occidental, Christian, Catholic, Latin, and Medieval. The inevitable result is forced construction and special pleading. Bolshevism being false, it follows that Russia must be Oriental, and since Russia is Oriental, Russia must be consistently wrong. Hence Russia is not Christian,—orthodoxy to the contrary notwithstanding; "the Russian has no sense of causality,"—despite the brilliancy of Russian science; "the contribution of the Russian people to general civilization has been almost nil," Russian music and literature being excluded, presumably, by definition. Since Germany is not Latin, Germany is at heart Oriental. By the same system of reasoning, anti-clerical France is not Latin, while Protestantism and modern Christendom generally are not Christian. It is clear that modern science and technology is anti-intellectual, but this would seem to be required by the exigencies of the argument.

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The author's special pleading is illustrated by the fact that while he judges Buddhism by its decadence, he judges Christianity by its pristine purity or age of greatness. Similarly, he accuses the East of disguising its nationalistic aims under a cloak of humanitarian pacificism, while ignoring the same charge when it is brought against the missionary projects of the Christian West. He affirms that the successful revolt of Asia against Europe has been due to "the Europeanization of Asia," but at the same time he warns Europe against the subtle and widespread propaganda of Orientalism. He proposes to be concerned with cultural rather than with political differences, and yet he apparently construes a political revolt of the East caused by a cultural spread of the West, as a menace to the West rather than to the East.

This book will be welcomed by many as a counter-irritant to the gospel of Spengler and Keyserling. Mr. Massis has found the right terms in which to denounce these prophets of unintelligible fatality,—such as "hypochondria," "vague messianism," "catastrophic feeling of deterioration and decline." His utterance is more eloquent than that of the prophets of Baal, and it has a greater ring of sincerity. But prophesying it is, none the less. There is the same uncritical heaping together of citations, which, being carefully selected to prove the point, create an appearance of scholarship while in fact having only a rhetorical value. There is the same pessimism as regards the present state of European civilization, the same assumption of mysterious epochal forces. Indeed one finds in this brilliant Catholic writer a fear of the East which resembles the older Protestant fear of popery. He sees the hand of the East in all evil works, and allows an antipathy to become an obsession. Historically he begs the question at the outset in construing Christianity itself as Occidental.

Despite these radical defects the book sounds a

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welcome note. It is high time for the West to have the courage of its convictions, even though these convictions should in their contents and historical origins be blended of East and West. Latin, Medieval, Catholic Christianity is not the whole of the West, nor is it wholly Western. But it is a part of the story of European civilization, and as regards that story as a whole there is no reason to be either silent or apologetic. It is time to remark and to resent "a certain condescension in Orientals," and especially in their European and American converts.

The Affair of Sex

SEX FREEDOM AND SOCIAL CONTROL. By CHARLES W. MARGOLD. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1928.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER

REVIEWERS, even when hard-boiled, usually possess the art of discerning the soul of goodness in things evil. A hard task at times! Mr. Margold's book is a case in point. Before us is an essay on "Sex Freedom and Social Control" by a man, presumably a young one, initiated into academic wisdom first by Dr. Edward T. Devine, who supplies an enthusiastic introduction, then by Professor Charles H. Cooley. The book is slight, 102 pages of text in all (therein, perhaps, the soul of goodness lies!), there is a careful index, and a bibliography of twenty-seven pages (one quarter of the book!). The pages bristle with anthropological and other references.

What is it all about? Mr. Margold takes exception to the opinions of radical sex reformers, among whom Mr. Havelock Ellis is prominently featured, who are supposed to claim that man's sex behavior, apart from children, is his own affair. This, asserts the author, is all wrong. Man is not merely an animal, an individual, but also a member of society. His sex behavior and standards, as every thing else he does, thinks, and feels, are determined by society. This always was so and always will be.

To substantiate his thesis, the author draws upon copious anthropological data. These, to be sure, fully support the contention that, while sex use and ideals differ with times and places, they are invariably controlled and determined by society, are part and parcel of the use and want of the tribe. In fact, the author might have dispensed with these numerous citations on sex and sex control, and substituted economic and artistic matters, proving his thesis just as successfully. For no specific use is made of the sex material! It is merely introduced to show the ubiquitous presence of group control. So far so good! But the data collected by Mr. Margold demonstrate with utmost clearness that sex behavior and standards *do* differ with time and place, also that group control is *unequally* applied. What then is the moral? There is none, in Mr. Margold's book. He leaves off where he started; sex is a matter subject to group control, primitive data prove this, therefore "even in an ideally organized society, where the purposive social control will be most nearly altogether (*sic!*) on a rational plane, organized surveillance over the group's sex standards in all scientific probability is destined to remain."

Suppose Mr. Margold were confronted with the following proposition: a man and a woman; they are in each other's presence; they speak to each other; they engage in petting and caresses; they perform a sexual act; a child is born to them. Now, society, in different places, takes charge of matters at each one of the above situations. Among some peoples a man and a woman, if related in a certain way, may not even remain in each other's presence; among others, they may do so, but conversation is forbidden; among still others, seeing and conversing is permitted, but nothing further; then again, they may indulge in flirtation, but nothing more serious; and finally, they may, if they so chose, perform the sexual act, but, if a child is born, society steps in: either they must now get married, or they (perhaps, only the woman) are disgraced, and so on. Now, which one of these precedents should we follow in our own society? Does Mr. Margold furnish an answer? No, he does not even ask the question, for he does not see the problem. There is nothing new under the sun, precedents may easily be provided for any behavior, individual or social. But can the problems of a progressive society be solved by precedent alone? Mr. Margold does not tell us. He reiterates that sex is social, was, will be. And if radicals protest against what they feel to be an imposition upon the individual on the part of society, the author adds—as a crowning *reductio ad absurdum!*—that "it must be clear that it is the current substitution, the present specific mode of action, the existing organization of past effort, that supplies even to iconoclasts the spur and basis against which to rebel."

One is, I confess, at a loss to account for the book until he turns back to the concluding words of Mr. Devine's introduction, which read: "Those who oppose such radical measures and hold fast to the value of monogamy, chastity before marriage, and faithfulness to marriage vows by both husband and wife, will find in this little book a candid and refreshing survey of the sociological basis of their faith." At last, the cat is out of the bag: the book is but a scholastic cloak for Puritanism, although Mr. Margold takes pains not to say so.

I can sincerely recommend Mr. Margold's volume to classes in anthropology, sociology, economics, ethics, political science, and law. Students will benefit enormously from its perusal if they regard it as an illustration of what happens when inability to see a problem is accompanied by a deficient sense of method and no honest effort toward analysis or criticism.

Brave Gospel

AN ADVENTURE WITH CHILDREN. By MARY H. LEWIS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928.

Reviewed by JOHN DEWEY

TEACHERS and parents who are interested in learning about the meaning of progressive schools cannot do better than to read this spirited book. It is drawn to the life from the life of a school conducted by its author for twelve years. The title is enticing, and it conveys the spirit of the book. The emphasis does not fall upon pedagogical theory, save indirectly and by embodiment in actual work, nor upon studies and the subject-matter of the curriculum. Miss Lewis indicates that she may tell something about the latter on another occasion, but since there are many schools which are doing their academic work thoroughly, the emphasis here falls upon what can take place when children play and work together in a natural, simple, and wholesome environment. Besides, as she intimates, teachers are already only too willing to take their material and methods ready-made from the hands of others, while many theorists in teachers colleges, who do not teach children, are turning out subject-matter and methods to order. It was a happy thought to set forth that background of a community life in a free environment out of which, according to needs as they show themselves, subject-matter and method emerge in the very process of living.

Thus the book is the story of the drama of a developing life. It tells how children, teachers, subjects, methods of instruction, and discipline, grow together. The reader is enabled to share directly in the processes of development so that the zest and ardor of the director of the educational experiment, as she relives the life of the school, imparts itself to the reader. In spite, however, of the informal character of the exposition, it has structure and plan. The reader learns to appreciate through a living exhibition the value of imagination in education, the way in which teachers select and train themselves, the ways in which the coöperation of parents is enlisted, and the consequent education of adults as well as of children. The lesson of these values is conveyed by perception of what actually happens when children and teachers, sharing in common activities of work and play, carried on in simple, almost crude, surroundings, find themselves having to meet constantly new needs and to realize new opportunities.

The implicit message of the book is perhaps best stated in its closing words: "My faith is in the children. They who built the school and lived in it throughout those busy, happy years will demand for their own children an education no less stimulating, no less rich in opportunities for meaningful experiences, than was their own. To the children, then, may safely be entrusted the enlarged and perfected fulfilment of an adventure which is as unending and expanding as life." If I say that this passage tells the message of the book, it is because it sums up the story of an actual school in which life, growing under wise direction, is identified with education, and education is then found to be a brave and joyous adventure, instead of a drab task. And it enforces the lesson that it is the very nature of growth, when once it is initiated, to go on of itself. This power of a free and developing life to sustain and enlarge itself is, after all, our only ultimate security. Till we rid ourselves of our fears and learn to trust this power of growth in life itself, our efforts at reform in education as in other social affairs will be doomed to disappointment. This little book is a reinforcement of faith and courage.

The Heart of India

AN INDIAN JOURNEY. By WALDEMAR BONSELS. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1928. $4.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

COMPOUNDED of experience, emotion, and contemplation, Mr. Bonsels's chronicle of a year spent in the fastnesses of India is something between a mental autobiography and a narrative of travel. It has a flexibility of content which derives from what may perhaps be regarded as the traditional *Schwärmerei* of the German, for Mr. Bonsels permits himself a sentimentality and an indulgence in fantasy that the more self-conscious Anglo-Saxon rarely allows to escape onto paper. His book has a twofold character; it is an impressionistic portrayal of the Indian wilderness, of its lush vegetation, its animal life, its brooding, sun-bathed plains and swarming jungles, and it is a succession of philosophic musings, tinged with poetic speculation. It is compact of feeling and reflection, offset by frequent vivid bits of incident and characterization.

The episodes that make the stuff of Mr. Bonsels's narrative are in themselves of the simplest,—the theft of copper pots by a native boy, the purchase of a monkey from another, the death by cobra bite of a girl, the appearance of a tiger in the distance,—but they are so presented as to convey not merely the incident itself but the atmosphere that surrounded it. Mr. Bonsels distils the essence of the jungle, and transmits to the reader the quality of the scene and the effect it produced upon him. And there are dramatic moments in his recital, moments such as those during which the cats and rats fight a battle to the death in the stillness of the night, or the snake and the mongoose meet in contest. Very deftly, too, does Mr. Bonsels depict the devoted natives who were his companions, outlining rather than sketching their combination of ingenuousness, craft, and loyalty. The India of wild nature, of simple people, of mystery and suggestion rises from his pages.

As a commentator Mr. Bonsels is somewhat given to sentimentality and overgiven to the fanciful. He conceals this tendency, to be sure, under the cloak of the fictitious, ascribing his flights of somewhat fervid philosophizing to the dreams of sleep or fever. But there is everywhere in his book a tendency toward the romantic, and at times it breaks almost into mawkishness. Yet, on the whole, his "Indian Journey" is moving and charming, charged with a sense of beauty and written with genuine sympathy.

Arthur Burdett Frost, widely known years ago as an illustrator, died recently of heart disease. Mr. Frost was born in Philadelphia in 1851. Some of his works were exhibited at the Paris Exposition in 1900. He was the author and illustrator of several books which had a wide vogue and were distinguished for the humor of their drawings. Among them were "Tom Sawyer," "Uncle Remus," and the "Mr. Dooley" books. A generation that has now reached maturity delighted in his creations.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid; in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. IV. No. 50.

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Scandinavian Tales

NORWAY'S BEST STORIES. Edited by HANNA A. LARSEN. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1928. $2.50.

SWEDEN'S BEST STORIES. Edited by HANNA A. LARSEN. The same.

Reviewed by PHILLIPS D. CARLETON

HERE are twin collections of stories, the first two of a series that will eventually include Denmark. Eighteen Norwegian authors are represented by one or more stories, and sixteen Swedish authors. Each book covers a half century in time and shows the changing forms of both literatures for that period. Each has an introduction by Miss Larsen, Editor of the *American-Scandinavian Review*, that describes the growth of the literature in each country. Miss Larsen has also written a brief biography of each author, given a selected bibliography, and placed him definitely in the stream of his native literature. Her work is scholarly and exact, the product of wide research and the reading of many years; it is a concise guide book to the contemporary literature of the two lands, a book whose conclusions are vividly illustrated by the stories translated.

The authors already known to the American public—Hamsun and Undset, Lagerlöf and Heidenstam—are well represented, and many authors hitherto untranslated, but of great importance in their own literatures. All these authors have been represented by whole selections that are none the less not professionalized short stories. In Scandinavia the short story has not developed into a sharply distinctive *genre* of literature that requires its special technique and its special corps of writers. Consequently it has been possible for the editors and translators of these books to give the public an adequate introduction to most of the Scandinavian novelists.

Sigrid Undset, the author of two huge trilogies, is here shown in a period of apprenticeship for her greater work in the tale of "Simonsen," a careful study of the perplexing city of Oslo. Olav Duun, the foremost novelist of the Landsmaal movement, has a story that shows the background which he later built into his six volume novel, "The Juvikings." Lagerlöf has revivified an old legend; Heidenstam shows the bold coloring of his style in a vivid interpretation of the saga of Styrbiorn.

The literary movements here introduced should especially interest the American reader, for he will find that much that is new in the United States has already run its appointed cycle in Scandinavia. The new realism has reached a maturity there unequalled here; a new and swinging romanticism is now taking its place; through the Landsmaal the older doctrine of local color is having a new period of richer bloom. He will find also astonishing variations in form as well as in content: the simple folk tale ("The Pitch Burner Who Always Got on Top"), the peasant study ("Coffee-Kari"), the impressionistic sketch ("The Ring"), the idyll ("A Florentine Fantasy"), the letter ("Middle Class Rococo"), the short novel ("Simonsen"), the humorous story ("Guinea Jack"). The reader should be able to understand after perusal of these two books much that has puzzled him before: the earlier Hamsun, the fervor of Heidenstam's "Charles Men," the religious intensity of Sigrid Undset's later work.

Mr. Stork is the more competent of the two translators: his diction is surer and harder; he has a defter way with foreign idiom than has Mr. Orbeck. But, on the other hand, Mr. Orbeck has had a more difficult job: he has been dealing with a language in upheaval; he has been forced to struggle with the dialects of the dales, with the prose of an author like Kinck whose genius is so native that it has been declared untranslatable. Let the reader turn to "Nocturne" and see how skilfully the lyric lilt of his prose has been translated and the quickening tempo of his style has been kept.

Finally, I would advise the reader to read or own both books; one is incomplete without the other; each illuminates the dark places of the other; together they build a satisfactory picture for the student of the new Scandinavia—those countries with a common heritage and a common blood, with so much that is alike and yet so much that is radically different. An arbitrary line down the middle of the long peninsula separates two cultures. After these books the reader has no excuse for confusing the names of Sweden and Norway or forgetting which nation is "on the outside."

Mr. Moon's Notebook

June 28th: *The Queen's Astrologer.*

I HAVE always wished to write a poem concerning an Elizabethan anent whom there is too little gaudy literature. When I speak of him as John Dee, you will immediately think of the King of Standard Oil. But this gentleman's name was actually John Dee and he was Queen Elizabeth's astrologer, as well as being the prime mover of her Petty Navy Royal. His life is strange drama not without its comic tragedy. He got into the clutches of one Kelly, a contemporary charlatan. Dee believed devoutly in the spirits he raised by cabalistic formulæ, and in his black skrying-stone; but Kelly, unfortunately, was a fake medium and always one for the main chance. He ended, after they had long pilgrimaged together, by persuading Dee that the instructing spirits had decreed that they, Kelly and Dee, should exchange wives. The wives, at this point, however, asserted themselves and had their own say in the matter. It is comic, I know, but Dee took it all with extreme seriousness. He did not wish to offend the spirits. It was gradually borne in upon him that there was something fishy about Kelly, and the knowledge of this guilefulness remained a burden on his innocent nature. The last five years of his life under the reign of James found him completely out of favor. He died in poverty, seeing visions. He had said his say concerning the Court harpies, those—as he called them—"bottomless bags of deceit," on the Commissions of Concealment. He had been slandered, maligned, suspected. And, after all, he was just a perfectly good astrologer and alchemist, who was sure he had found a way to turn lead into gold, even though he did not exactly possess the magisterium of Albertus Magnus. He had also been a power in naval affairs under Elizabeth. And he had written the "Monas Hieroglyphica," when, at the age of forty, he turned to Neo-Platonist writers. This treatise he penned at Antwerp and addressed to the Emperor Maximilian. It concerned "the properties and parts of the alchemical sign for mercury," and certainly does not sound very interesting to-day. But it marked him a *savant*,—and probably something more materially useful. For they tell us that if we will only consider that the Steganographia of Trithemius, a book of magical conjurations, was shown in the eighteenth century to be a manual of cryptograms for the conveying of secret information, we may be pretty sure that John Dee's "Monas Hieroglyphica" was a cloak for his activities as one of Queen Elizabeth's secret political agents.

* * *

That was a queer time. The year before Dee was born, Paracelsus in Basel had publicly burned the works of Galen and anathemized Arabia. His violence finally got him a broken neck at Salzburg, at the age of forty. But he had done a good deal to puncture some of the dictates of medicine of the day. He wiped out the theory of the humours. And then of course he did a great deal of hermetic and alchemical writing. In the main, however, he was a pioneer in his time. Nine years after his death John Dee was lecturing on the Elements of Euclid at the College of Rheims. You might call him the Bertrand Russell of that day in mathematics. Yet after Queen Mary took the throne, Dee was falsely accused of attempting her life, and very nearly brought to the scaffold. The rising sun of Elizabeth, however, found him basking in glorious light. He was now in high favor. He was sent abroad, as we have indicated, as her sleuth in international affairs. Ten years before his death he was made Chancellor of Saint Paul's Cathedral and warden of Manchester College.

* * *

When Paracelsus got drunk he used to see elves and salamanders. Dee believed that he saw all sorts of things even when he was quite sober. This made him an easy mark for Kelly. Kelly, an alchemical writer whom Dee met in 1582, had already had his ears cropped for "coining base money." Alchemy seems to have had a certain association with forgery—at least in the case of Kelly. In 1583 Dee and Kelly began their wanderings on the Continent. The eminent teacher, scientist, and diplomat, was no match at all for the wiles of his charlatan friend. Dee seems always to have preserved a grave innocence of mind, despite all his "learning," such as we only associate with infants. And the science of his time was still so in bonds to superstition that this is scarcely remarkable. Kelly, on the other hand, was a quick-witted rogue, and light-fingered.

* * *

A curious enough pair they made, wandering the continent, holding seances, talking (I have no doubt) to Michael, Gabriel, Samael, Raphael, Sachiel, Anael, and Cassiel. And at one time there were such great hopes of metamorphosing all sorts of hardware into true eighteen carat precious metal! In Dee's diary of the seances there are entries concerning all sorts of apparitions, describing their aspect and dress with some particularity, their words taken down as by a court stenographer,—their names given,—as "So-and-so, a little, blithe spirit in a green gown." Sir Arthur and Sir Oliver were anticipated.

Looming above Dee, of course, we always espy the gorgeousness of Gloriana, that vast ruff and farthingale, that proud thin Tudor face, the high-dressed hair powdered with diamonds; and the black velvet and the gold chain of Cecil always at her shoulder. In the days when Dee was in high favor the Queen would often ride from East Shene Gate to consult him upon various matters. Then, too, we see him treading the lawn in converse with her bearded admirals. Even a seafaring Portingale liked him better than a musical-headed Frenchman. By night the painted cloths of the wainscot changed to a ripple of waves whereon he voyaged with Sir Humphrey Gilbert, to fantastic penguin isles or to lands of spicerie,—to Molucca or to Celebes,—greeted from strange, outlandish coasts by "salvages" in "dogs-face vizards." He had pored on the rutters, charts, and intelligences of the great captains of the sea,—could envisage caravans from Persia, Cathay and Balkh or envoys seeking Ivan the Terrible from Bactria, as well as he knew his way about his home parlors strawed with sweet herbs.

* * *

Had he cultivated merely his interest in old ocean and those who go down to sea in ships, in the starry heavens above us that rule our lives (as he believed), in the precision of mathematics, he might not have been tried for black magic in 1555. But early Dee was experimenting with the occult, and he was then not thirty. Followed an eminent quarter century under Elizabeth, until Dee and Kelly went abroad for their five strange years, Dee by then having lived nearly thirty years longer. The princes of Poland and Bohemia profited, we trust, by this grand tour signalized by frequent exhibitions of magic. Twenty years prior Dee had himself instructed the Queen in astrology. Well, Kepler, one of the chief founders of modern astronomy, also believed in astrology. For that matter, Napoleon is said to have trusted it. One must remember the state of the sciences in the time of Dee. Faith in astrological horoscopes endures to this day. What of a day when most scientific observation contained fantastical elements? Witches and wizards and black magic were taken for granted, as they were even later. People still to this hour peer into crystal globes. In fact I do not find John Dee and his "skrying stone" and his spirits nearly so absurd as I might. Certainly the last five years of his life under James were not miserable because he was thought a fool, but because he was thought a rather dangerous person.

* * *

It is all very far away and long ago! John Dee was not of the Elizabethan *literati*, nor was he a great court personage. But as a figure of scientific eminence in his era, who was later led by the nose by a rascal and fell upon evil days at the end, he exercises a peculiar fascination. I have only found one extant biography of him, aside from the diary of his seances above referred to. Yet his interests were wide in his time, his influence once weighty, his life colored by two realms of romance, that of the explorations of the Elizabethan seamen and of a world he devoutly believed in, a world of spirits. Therefore I would present him as a striking figure of his time. But somehow I have never been able to get him into a poem. Perhaps he is weary of alchemy now and his spirit resists it!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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Effective Melodrama

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN. By THOMAS BEER. New York: ALFRED A. KNOPF. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

AFTER "The Mauve Decade" it is something of a relief to find that the sharp talent of Thomas Beer, so much better adapted to narratives than to the leisurely and often questionable affairs of history, is not, after all, to be turned away from novel writing. Mr. Beer has written not merely a novel (and his best one), but a modern novel. New York a decade after the war, with its immensities and its emptiness of real living, is the admirably rendered scene against which his people carry out their well contrived melodrama.

For "The Road to Heaven" is essentially a melodrama, and an extremely effective one. As usual in Mr. Beer's books and stories, the hero might be described as a pseudo-naïve tough guy. Lamon Coe, veteran of the war and ex-pugilist, driven from his home town by his father because of a minor sexual peccadillo, is rather proud of his lack of education, and is most certainly proud of his strength. He is an admirable American type of the moment, provided with a considerable background and with the longing to return to that background of an Ohio farm. He has been uprooted, "déraciné" as Barrès put it, and as the book begins he has become a tramp, wandering the continent, working for a short time in one city, passing on to another Finally he even descends to taking money from a drunken college boy. With this money he comes to New York, where he has a cousin, Abner Coe, who forms a neat contrast to his personality. Abner is in the book business, but he is not a mere bookseller or publisher. His life is devoted to furnishing the rare fortunes of the world with rare literary possessions, in the manner of Mr. Rosenbach. His friends are clever, and Lamon does not care for them. The third element in Mr. Beer's triangle of personalities is Frankie De Lima, ex-actress, former mistress of Abner Coe, mistress-to-be of Lamon. Her murder is the satisfactorily melodramatic climax of the book. Mr. Beer has chosen to kill two other persons in the last few pages of "The Road to Heaven" without materially improving the effect of the whole. But his ending, which sends Lamon back to his farm with a charming, if not very interesting wife, seems suited to his principal character, and is convincing enough.

In the important and vexed matter of Mr. Beer's style it is a pleasure to report that the excessively involved cinematic phrases of "The Mauve Decade" have yielded to a simpler and equally vivid manner. There are still moments when his sentences seem to go abruptly astray, or are forced into the Procrustean bed of artificiality. He can still be as difficult as this:

> There must be thousands of fellows all over the country who knew Ranulph. Being a person like that was to be a town in which men had spent a week.

And at other times as naively descriptive as this:

> Everywhere earth was turned up in fields and gardens. Men in Bridgeport were looking at little plots and staring at vines on porches before they started off to work in factories. Birds passed against the sky and there was a smell of dung from barnyards outside all these towns. One place an old horse with scarlet sores on its back had been sent out to graze under apple trees that showed signs of bud.

Both are surely better than the elaboracies of his previous book. His tendency in his shorter stories to bring in too many characters, to spend too much time over the telling bits of action, while neglecting the form of the whole story, has also begun to disappear. "The Road to Heaven" is not perfect as to form, but it is a vast improvement on "Sandoval," in which one was never quite sure of the period, nor of the character being presented. His other book, "The Fair Rewards," was an unusual first novel but nothing more. Mr. Beer has not yet succeeded in finding a subject which really interests him very much. He is occupied with the people and the atmosphere and the climax of "The Road to Heaven," but he appears to realize that there is little of great literary significance at the heart of the thing. His people live and love with an astonishing immediacy, but there is as yet no directing force back of them other than the author's desire to make them live as part of a story. Just beyond the excellencies of Mr. Beer's present accomplishment lies the realm containing everything that is really important in writing. One hopes and believes that Mr. Beer will soon enter it.

A Large Canvas

THE BATTLE OF THE HORIZONS. By SYLVIA THOMPSON. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

IN all the good senses of the word, this is an old-fashioned novel. Miss Thompson can create plausible characters, make them behave both convincingly and divertingly, weave into their lives keen observations and thoughts worth the thinking. Her critical attitude toward these creatures of her own fashioning is mellow rather than caustic, and toward the world in which they move, hopeful rather than disillusioned. She is as unafraid of large themes as of the large and sometimes unwieldy canvas upon which she is obliged to plot them. For those gentlefolk, therefore, whose ears and noses have been offended by the raucous and malodorous qualities of more obviously modern fiction, and whose faith has been wounded by the pedestalling of futility and exploitation of mediocrity, here is a novel of considerable charm.

Like "The Little French Girl," though less completely and less successfully, it juxtaposes two civilizations and attempts to see each through the eyes of exponents of the other. In this case, a beautiful American girl, Athene Reid, a blend of efficiency and inadequacy, of vaguely romantic aspirations and definitely selfish practices, marries a sensitive Englishman and goes with him to his home near Melbury. For a moment we see Athene's mother, a "mummification of youthful elegance and good looks," and her father, "the Harvard graduate grown old but not grown up," silhouetted against Geoffrey's background, the shabby, comfortable country house in which, wrestling with post-war economies, his delightful family lives. Presently we meet this family: the old baronet, a Member of Parliament, who "hunts, speaks three languages badly, reads his classics over and over again, and fumes over the newspapers every morning"; his wife with her poised tolerance and understanding; their eldest daughter, Patricia, a high-strung, artistic girl, torn between the man who wants to marry her and the man she loves but cannot have; Clifford, the happy-go-lucky youngest son, and Bobs, his twin sister, an uncompromising little Bolshevist who remains rebellious until she forgets most of her principles in a happy marriage. These people greet the bride with mingled warmth and casualness, and Athene, sentimentally predisposed to love England, grows enthusiastic over everything from the English Constitution (of which, she gravely tells Sir Charles, she "made a study while doing economics and sociology at college") to the "quaint" tub in Yoxall's single bathroom where Bobs has recently been washing her dog.

But Athene's romantic regard for her new environment in no wise prepares her to live in it or understand it. She generalizes grandly about freedom and self-expression; she turns the nurseries of her "arty" London house into a large hall destined for meetings; she tries to drive Geoffrey with his studious habits and worship of leisure into meaningless activities and a political career that he cannot afford. Her ambitions for him are as vague and superficial as for herself. Finally, she drifts into an indiscreet friendship with a bitter, cynical young novelist "whose antagonism to the sentimental was undermined by pity for his own disillusionment." Disaster follows, and Athene is eventually obliged to chuck her nebulous and selfish ideals and battle with realities.

Not unreasonably, the English scenes and people in this book are more convincing than the American. Natasha Wells, the self-styled "Harp Poetess from Oklahoma," is a crude caricature, and Miss Thompson's knowledge of the American idiom, though more accurate than Mr. Galsworthy's, is not impeccable. A more serious defect is a certain lack of sharpness in the outlines of the tale. Insufficient correlation between the central and subsidiary themes tends to shift the emphasis and disperse the reader's interest. It must also be confessed that Patricia and Bobs pale disappointingly before the end and that Athene, static for much of the tale, leaves us inadequately prepared for her development at the close. Indeed the last third of the novel slips perceptibly from the higher standard set by the beginning, and one feels that all of it might advisedly have been subjected to a longer period of incubation.

Yet most of the figures, even the minor ones, are admirably visualized, the various groups are cohesively composed, and each incident in itself is consistent. Miss Thompson manages her dialogues exceptionally well: the clever people speak cleverly, the superficial ones are adroitly made to give themselves away. Here then is a discerning, entertaining story with many a neatly observed detail that stamps the author's approach as thoughtful, her talent as authentic.

Jockeys of Beauty

(*Continued from page* 1013)

or a bad story. We are concerned only with those so highly æsthetic, so intensely eclectic, that they wish literature sterilized. It must be just "too-too" or it is nothing. Bunthorne lives again. His fingers hold a scalpel, not a lily. He may anatomize the living, but his admiration is for the rigidity of death. We speak of what we have seen. We have seen writers praised for a fine restraint who developed, as they matured and came into the fulness of their powers, an even finer freedom, a more exuberant vitality. At which point these critics turned away. They are creatures of strict repressions. They blink in full sunlight. They are noctambulists of devious alleys. They follow their chimera through the labyrinths of neurotic brains. Write of a dead soul and they are rejoiced. But for heaven's sake do not affront them with healthy vigor!

We, even we, are also sensitive. We relish *nuance*. We appreciate writing of delicacy, of granitic reticence, of clenched intensity. But it is the fire in the flint that we admire, not merely the sharp edge of the flint itself. Moreover, we believe in the power and the glory. And often we find the tradesman preferring "a vaudeville song to a tercet of Dante" a deeper source of inspiration than the ticking dicta of critical coteries. After all, it is not extraordinary to find Gautier in one mood proclaiming life superior to literature. The whole panorama is every creative artist's material, the whole gamut of human emotions. He has not roved "the vast world of the imagination" only to reduce it, in the last instance, to a little black box full of mere intellect, like the minor critic.

Walter Clare Martin, director of the American Poetry Award, 8 Vanderveer Park Station, Brooklyn, N. Y., recently issued the following announcement for 1928 in behalf of the foundation.

"An award of $1,000 is offered to stimulate genius in its most incandescent sense, and to help some unknown get his work before the world during his lifetime. $1,000 will be awarded to the author whose work carries enough beauty and power or originality to make it immortal. $100 will be awarded for the best script submitted, whether great or commonplace. The manuscript must primarily seek and attain poetic beauty, although it may be written in either prose or verse. It may represent a mood or an idea, or it may even tell a tale. A masterpiece is wanted, not something to sell. The search will continue until December 31st, unless the great unknown is discovered before that time. If no immortal is found by that date, the award of $100 for the best script will be declared." Three scripts may be sent, together or at intervals. If a work runs more than 1,000 words, only an excerpt should be sent. No scripts returned. Keep duplicates. Authors retain all rights, except that the donor of the prizes reserves the right to quote occasionally from scripts in writing articles about the progress of the search. Do not submit book manuscripts, collections of verse, or descriptions of ideas. Try to understand the purpose of the offer: To unearth the manuscript of a work of poetic beauty —whether written in prose or verse—that suggests the power of genius, by an author not too well known."

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The Bowling Green

Off the Deep End, III.

THERE is a bathtub that has a window just over it; through which, in the exhilaration of the morning sluice, when everything seems for a few moments fairly simple, one looks into the green depth and shading of a Long Island glade. Marvelling at those gradations of color, the movement of boughs and leaves, the savory stability of earth underneath, the good hairy grass, the cheerful esperanto of many birds, one is tempted to confess privately that land is much more beautiful than sea. It is a silly thought, for beauty is not a matter for comparisons; but it is safe to say that most praises of marine life, by whomever written, were composed after the observer was safe ashore. The sea writers I love best have always had a very handsome terror of it. Conrad, whose "Mirror" is bible and prayer-book to those who have sea-humility in their souls, tells in one magnificent chapter how he was first initiated into an awareness of its cruelty. There are essays in that book that are in the exact mood and tender humor of Charles Lamb, a parallel that may surprise you. But some of his memories commit him to a very different feeling. "And I looked upon the true sea—the sea that plays with men till their hearts are broken. Nothing can touch the brooding bitterness of its heart. To love it is not well."

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So you commit yourself to the deep in a mood of piety. And the humor of the situation is that some of the realest hardships of the sea, so I suspect, are endured not by shellbacks in windjammers, but by yachtsmen who put out in dainty craft scarcely provided against cold and wet. At least the old windjammer had a good pot-bellied stove in the focsle. One's half waking visions, in the neighborhood of Cape Sable, were imaginings of red-hot stoves. For our steward, as I told you, was prostrate, and those who, tempted by thoughts of grub, ventured to the galley to light the gas cooker, took one breath of rich meats and returned to the cockpit to study the sky. The chronicler, usually a lover of kitcheneering sport, went privily to the ice-box, intending to prepare a meal for his companions. He opened the door and studied the Commodore's generous larder. There was a royal exhalation of pork, cheese, bacon, butter, cream, and fish. He came again topside and said nothing of his impulse. But man is always perverse. Even the entire unwillingness to prepare it for himself does not prevent his dreaming of food. Was it that night—the second night out—that I had the curious hallucination of the pork chop? I think it was. Our watch was on duty from 9 until midnight. An afternoon of fog had cleared away towards sunset. The moon, nearly ful, was very bright. The great white triangle of *Iris's* mainsail slanted up against the Dipper. We were making about 6 knots, on a course W. by N., there was a pleasant shearing hiss under her bow, the decks glistened silverly. There was the soft glow of the compass, set in the flooring of the cockpit; faint red and green shine where the running lights were set; a crack of cheerful brightness through the forward companion where the Commodore and Y. G. slept a well-earned watch below. P. R. was at the helm, and the chronicler, attempting to persuade himself that all these charming light effects counterbalanced the cold, passed into a small stupor. He was wearing canvas gloves and over these two pairs of large woollen mitts. In his trance he dreamed of a large hot well-browned pork chop. He actually felt it in his hand, tasted its good savor, brought it to his jaws in realization; and woke to find a couple of inches of cold wet wool crammed into his mouth.

Honor to whom honor! It was Y. G. who kept the ship alive with coffee, and (after some 48 hours) broke out two cans of Campbell—one of soup and one of beans. On the third day, Cape Sable having been passed and a bottle of *Ne Plus Ultra* broached, the first health of the voyage was drunk, to the Canner of Camden. The greatest man who ever lived in Camden was not necessarily Walt Whitman. I give you Mr. Campbell of the Soups.

It was 7.30 on the morning of the first of June, so the notebook tells me, when we made Cape Sable abeam. A tall pharos dimly seen across miles of tumbling gray; as the ads used to say, a small thing to look for, a big thing to find. The log said 212.5 miles and we reckoned the first leg of our cruise well accomplished. But only two hours later we found the mainsail parting from the little brass slides that hold it to the mast. The lashings of twine were evidently not strong enough to carry so big a canvas in a wind. The kind of zipper gear used on the masts of racing craft was quite new to me, and I confess I had my doubts about it. So the mainsail was got down, and the trysail hoisted instead, while the skipper and Charley set about lashing the slides to the eyelets with wire. We then discovered that our patent log had somehow chafed through and gone adrift. Thereafter the Commodore reckoned our speed by throwing an empty matchbox overboard at the bow and timing it to the stern with a stop-watch. Our rate of progress was not much to brag about, for with the trysail we could not get very close to the wind, and there was a heavy bumpy sea.

The starbo'lins had by this time come to consider themselves the lucky watch, probably because the Commodore usually granted them a little extra sleep. At any rate it was they who had what they will probably remember as the greatest single episode of the voyage. The three of them were yarning in the cockpit. With their usual love of ease, they were gratified that the Commodore had decided to keep her under trysail for the night. Making a course NW, she was throwing up fine showers of spray which were tinged pink by the sunset. The P. R. and Captain Barr were gossipping about whales; the chronicler propped at his favorite post in the companion-way where one's legs at least are warm. Suddenly the P. R. cried out with amazement in his voice, "By God, there he is now!" Then his sea manners came to his rescue and he repeated more formally, "Whale ho, on the starboard beam."

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I was looking off to windward, meditating that that sunset looked a windy one. I turned just in time. The other two were gaping like lunatics. Right alongside of us, certainly not more than fifty feet away, a huge dark back showed above the water. I could see the pale oily film that seeped off his skin and tinged the water. He looked as big as a submarine. We had to luff up into the wind to avoid hitting him, as he was proceeding gently right across our bow. The great slope of his chine sank quietly, and we waited half expecting to feel the *Iris* lifted beneath us. He must have passed exactly under us, for a minute or so later he came up on the other side and spouted a fountain that shone faintly in the pink twilight. He seemed very much at his ease, loitering easily in that cold dusky water; the sound of his blowing something between a hiss and a sigh. We saw him spout several times, at increasing distances, as he departed with his own proper dignity. It was all too incredible for very sharp observation. Moby Dick himself! We were silent for some time. What abysses of chill, fading from green to immortal black, does he visit in his going? What expression does he wear in his unblemished eye? We had met him in his own honorable realm; sliding, so to speak, on his cellar door. We had heard the very sound of his breathing, and had offended him not nor paid him ought but respect. Who shall say anything new of Moby Dick? Not I.

"I'm glad we didn't hit him," said the P. R. as after long astounded gazing we remembered the compass and resumed our course. "To be kicked to death by a whale would be undignified."

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That night there were mares' tails in the sky, long skeins and streamers of cloud brightened by the moon. By 6.30 A. M. sea and wind were rising merrily. There was no talk now of putting on the mainsail. Even on the trysail the lashings of the slides were beginning to go, she was taken down and reefed. There came pouring rain and strong SW gale. The jib also we took down. Now, unless we ran with a bare pole, this was all that could be done. The glass hovered between 29.50 and 29.55.

When you speak to me of the Bay of Fundy, that is the day I shall remember. When one was below, the morale was not too good. This was now the fourth day, and what with one thing and another the cabin had not had a cleaning since we sailed. The sea had been rough and those not on actual duty had had no ambition for anything but sleep. The patent German ash-tray, come from Bremen, had capsized first of all and spilled matches and tobacco everywhere. Water coming liberally through the skylights had moistened everything to a paste. *Iris,* leaping merrily among hills and valleys, was easing herself to the strain, but her chorus of creaks and groans was anxious to those below. Large consignments of ocean came upon her with the heavy solidity of an automobile smash. How wet were those brown blankets! I admit that the chronicler and Y. G., brooding below and watching cracks widen in the bulkheads and panellings, had a vague notion that she might dissolve about them. I remembered the German glue industry. The Commodore, coming down to examine the chart, was entertained to find his underlings suggesting it would be a good thing to seek shelter somewhere. He was quite right, of course; we were best where we were.

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But above, when one's eye grew accustomed to the size of that sea and the way she handled herself, there was real thrill. How big were the waves, people always ask? It cannot be answered because in a heavy sea the hills are too broad to allow the eye any fair scale of measurement. But you see them with a different eye from that of the passenger in a big liner. On a big ship you look down on the water and its color seems darker. From *Iris* we looked closely into these long ridges that loomed above; we could see how coldly green and translucent they were. Every once in so often there was some particularly big comber one could mark from far away: it came striding, breaking in a crest a hundred yards long, with a definite menace written all over it. There was something unpleasantly personal about those waves. "I'll get you if I can," seemed to be their autograph. They would rise, perhaps thirty feet above us, leaving us momently in a dull green twilight, far down the hollow. Then with the soar of a rising gull, she would ride up as the great shoulder lifted her. A swirl of cream about her nose as the comber spilled a few buckets along her deck, and we gazed triumphant from the summit along leagues of water laced and wrinkled with foam. For nine or ten hours we were practically hove to, riding switchback on these big ones. Wind sang in our rigging, rafts of fog swathed us in. It was a specially big sea coming through the skylight late in the afternoon that really brought us round the corner. Several gallons of cold water soused on the Commodore's head as he lay asleep. He sat up promptly, looked about at the foul mess in his pretty cabin, and remarked only, "Well, boys, let's clean up." Somewhat gingerly, creeping about in that frolicking hull, we did so. The sea began to moderate. Charley, our able seaman, after a long trick at the helm, could endure starvation no longer. When relieved, he dug out a side of pork from the icebox and began hacking it into chops. The sound and smell of frying began to mitigate our chills. The P. R. had remarked that in these voyages you fill the refrigerator with ice in Halifax, and when you get to New York you find there's more ice than you started with. But after our first real meal in four days we felt different. There were pork chops and onions and potatoes and canned fruit. So was my vision of the pork chop fulfilled. The weather cleared enough to make an attempt at a sunset observation. Emboldened by pork chops we shook out the reef in the trysail and put up the jib. I think it was then that the Commodore was justified in making his favorite remark—"Well, boys, things are looking up."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

(*To be continued*)

George Bernard Shaw is quoted in large book advertisements in the English newspapers as saying: "The most remarkable contributions to serious literature of this season are the autobiographies of two famous women—Isadora Duncan and Clare Sheridan. Their almost simultaneous appearance is as striking an event as the discovery of the double star about which astronomers are disputing. Both of them are of great interest as genuine human documents, and very attractive as literature. They are equally free from hypocrisy and indecency. I wish I could say as much for much of the fiction with which library shelves are crammed."

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Books of Special Interest

A Great Zionist

THEODOR HERZL. By JACOB DE HAAS. New York: Brentano's. 1927. 2 vols. $10.

Reviewed by JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

THE vast public to whom both Herzl and Zionism are vague terms will discover in this work a new hero of the nineteenth century, a vibrant personality who, despite the sophistication of his time, was for more than ten million persons an idol and a symbol and a heaven-sent deliverer. They will find to their amazement a statesman who, without money, arms, or nation behind him, was able to force upon materialistic Europe the active consideration of an idea and an ideal. (To be sure, the ironic catch lies in the circumstance that the sly diplomats first accepted this King without a Country because they characteristically attributed to him powers and influence which he did not possess, but, none-the-less, once admitted to audience Herzl won his way through sheer intellectual and moral force.) Here, in brief, is a drama of high endeavor abounding in comic asides and tragic situations.

On June 16, 1895, Theodor Herzl, then thirty-five years of age, wrote, "I believe for me life has ceased and cosmos begun." These words express more than the inspired and exalted state of mind which henceforth characterized this practical journalist and satiric dramatist; they reveal his realization that with the decision "to place myself at the head of an effort for the Jews" he had put an end to his private life and converted his individual powers and dynamic energies into the current of a universal movement. Though he continued to earn his living by his pen, the pleasant phases of existence as a successful Viennese playwright and sceptical Paris correspondent for a powerful newspaper were buried in the tasks and troubles that confronted one who had imposed upon himself a work as far-reaching as the Jewish dispersion and as deep as Jewish misery.

Such quick and prescient recognition of his position was characteristic of the man. Indeed, this ability to appraise honestly the facts and situations of the multiform activity to which he had dedicated his life is in large measure responsible for his greatness. It kept him from turning either sentimental visionary or despondent neurotic; it enabled him to capitalize his victories and overcome his defeats; above all, it saved him from falling prey to the adulation which he almost miraculously and instantaneously evoked from his followers.

It is to the credit of Mr. de Haas as a biographer that he does not ignore in the mass of Jewish national problems and international relationships which are woven into the life of his hero the purely personal development of the man. This reader, for one, finds his admiration for Herzl based far more on the intimate qualities thus disclosed than on his achievements in the realm of politics and propaganda. The most striking, of course, is the extraordinary phenomenon of a man turning into "a legend" during his own lifetime and its effects on Herzl's conception of himself and his mission.

Surely his remarkable achievements are sufficient justification for any expansion of egotism. Within a year of the time he had first propounded his idea he had won over to his support such diverse characters as Gladstone and Tolstoy; Zangwill; Friedrich, the Grand Duke of Baden; Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and Nordau. On June 20, 1896, Abdul Hamid II., Sultan of Turkey, informed Herzl's intermediary that "one of the great powers" was interested in the Zionist project. In 1898 this interest on the part of the great powers takes shape in actual negotiations. Herzl has two audiences with Kaiser Wilhelm, who is swayed from the idea of a German protectorate over a Jewish Palestine by Von Bülow because the latter is jealous of Prince Eulenburg, who sponsors the idea. Follow a series of interviews with the Sultan in some of which the project seems well nigh fulfilment. Soon the British Foreign Office expresses a sympathetic interest that eventually culminates in the offer of Uganda territory for Jewish colonization. Then Herzl forces the Czar's hand and obtains permission for Zionist activity in Russia. In January, 1904, though his days are numbered, he storms the Vatican to present the plan to the Pope and gets the hearty encouragement of Victor Emmanuel of Italy. Two months before his death he is exerting all his persuasive powers and personal magnetism to convince Count Goluchowski, Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, to take the leadership in a move the latter had himself suggested, a joint note to Turkey by the Great Powers on the subject of Jewish colonization in Palestine. This was his last diplomatic adventure, although from his sick-bed he attempted to bring it to completion.

During these brief nine years Herzl's activity among and with Jews was unceasing. When he first conceived his project he naturally turned to the most powerful and influential Jews of Europe for assistance—naturally because by temperament, position, and social outlook he was far more intimately connected with them than with the masses. But he found these an abject, pusilanimous crowd, fearful that their Jewish sympathies would be misconstrued and their allegiance to their native lands would be challenged.

Herzl had explained to Baron de Rothschild that if the Jewish "great" refused to coöperate with him, he would "have to rebuild in another manner"; he would turn to the masses. This he was soon forced to do. Without the slightest trace of demagogue in his character, Herzl was capable of inspiring mass loyalty, however little the orthodox Jewish masses understood his motivating ideals. A phrase here and there—he said of the Jewish State, "if you will it, it is no fable," and on another occasion, "*je dis seulement: la jeunesse, debout!*"—a calm purposefulness, a majestic dignity, and the profound love for the miserable martyrs which underlay his autocratic attitude captured the imagination of the Jewish people, imbued them with a self-confidence and a self-respect they had not felt since the beginning of the Dispersion, and stimulated them to an activity which has at last brought forth concrete results.

Mr. de Haas's biography is not the definitive work on Herzl. There are too many gaps and elisions; there is not enough detail on important actions, revelatory quarrels, intimate and inconsequential experiences. But it is a simple, intelligent, and appreciative study which, avoiding the pitfalls of sentimentalism and hero worship, nevertheless communicates Herzl's greatness as a man and a statesman and interprets the process whereby this individual, who is barely a name to the Gentile world, furnished the most vital spiritual factor in the life of a contemporary people and achieved Messianic stature in their eyes.

Clever Burlesque

ALICE IN THE DELIGHTED STATES. By EDWARD HOPE. New York: The Dial Press. 1928. $2.

THE cleverest thing in this clever burlesque is perhaps: "The Solon and the Lobbyist," its happy deviations from "The Walrus and the Carpenter."

The sun was shining on the land,
Shining with all his might,
He did his very best to make
The country gay and bright,
And this was wrong, because, of course,
What's Pleasant isn't Right.

The land was wet as wet could be,
And also dry as dry;
You couldn't see a cloud unless
You saw it in the sky,
And if you did, you probably
Had something in your eye.

The Solon and the Lobbyist
Were snooping here and there;
They wept like anything to see
Such lots of laissez faire;
"If this were only governed more,"
They said, "it would be rare."

Burlesque as good as this is not common in America. It is more common in England. Mr. Hope's vein of cleverness is extraordinary and abundant. One feels at the end that an Englishman, and certainly a Frenchman, as clever as Mr. Hope, would have given more artistry or finish to the book. A passion for perfection would be a good addition to our assortment of passions. But the verses quoted could hardly be bettered in their kind.

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A Letter from London

By HAMISH MILES

JUNE, which promises to be pretty busy in the publishing world of London, brings with it the first issue of Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's *Life and Letters*. A new literary review is a rare enough bird nowadays, in England at any rate, to deserve some mention; a new review under such promising editorial auspices calls for description, and still more for criticism.

The promise of *Life and Letters*, the advent of which has been announced for two or three months, is more than ordinarily high because of the review's editor. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy has no superior as a literary journalist, and as Mr. Bernard Shaw has (I think) remarked before me, none as a dramatic critic. He is alive, alert, witty, urbane, and independent; he is never merely bookish, and never insular, but is aware of the ebb and flow of ideas in other countries, and in other arts, than his own; he is impatient of very few things (the art of the film is one), but is sympathetic to young writers and new ideas.

In America his name is probably much less widely known than it merits. For it is a great pity that Mr. MacCarthy has put so very little of twenty-odd years work between the boards of books, and poured so much with such generosity of accomplishment into the speedily inaccesible columns of the weekly and monthly reviews. Much of his work has been done, and much of his influence on present-day letters exerted, as it were invisibly: for the tradition of anonymous criticism and editing is still much more rigorously observed with us than with you. For several years past, as literary editor of the *New Statesman*, Mr. MacCarthy has been the directing spirit of a distinctive force in current criticism; under his curious pseudonym of "Affable Hawk," which succeeded the "Solomon Eagle" of Mr. J. C. Squire, he has contributed (and still does) a weekly *causerie* to that journal which, for shrewdness and personality, is not surpassed amongst English reviews. Two or three years ago he became known to a very much wider public than that reached by his writings, through his weekly talks on current books broadcast from the London station of the British Broadcasting Corporation. (The winter before last I myself came across a night-watchman in his shelter beside some road-repair work on a lonely piece of road in Oxfordshire, intently listening through his head-phones to the criticism of Mr. Desmond MacCarthy.) In fact, with such qualities and such working experience, he is preëminently the editor one would choose for a review with the title he has selected.

One cannot altogether judge the quality and prospects of a new periodical from its first number: a paper develops personality as it proceeds. But for my own part, I own to a slight disappointment with the character of this first number. To my mind it is too much in the nature of a miscellany. The advance prospectus of the review leads one to believe that there will be considerable elasticity in the scope and character of the material to be published, and it is therefore too early to generalize about its place amongst English periodicals. But all the same, one may legitimately regret the absence of a general editorial commentary on matters of current interest; without becoming merely topical, such a feature, if well carried out, lends zest and driving-force to each successive number, and ought to be the spear-head of the review's critical attitude towards letters and life. However, Mr. MacCarthy's personal share in this issue, though decidedly too short, has much cogency and deserves wide attention: he writes on the biographies of Emil Ludwig, and delivers almost the first full-dress attack in this country on the exaggerated claims made for this writer's work—and incidentally on the dangers of the present popularity of what may be charitably called secondary biography. Mr. Max Beerbohm contributes a small masterpiece in a portrait in two glimpses of the already almost forgotten figure of Andrew Lang: one can only hope that this may be an extract from some general work of portraiture from the life on which Mr. Beerbohm is possibly engaged. What a gallery that would make! A short essay by Thomas Hardy, dated 1891, on "The Science of Fiction," shows a curiously sharp perception of tendencies in fiction which were then only dimly seething in the melting-pot of the late nineteenth century. Professor Santayana writes on "Hamlet," in an essay dated 1908. Mr. Clive Bell, in an extract from a forthcoming work, beats a number of slightly dead dogs in his study of "What Civilization Is Not." But all the same, this is a review to watch; and its price is a pleasant contrast with most of its contemporaries.

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Over the joint imprint of Messrs. Peter Davies, London, and Harper & Bros., New York, a singularly handsome quarto has just appeared on "Printing of To-Day." Edited by Oliver Simon (a young English typographer of note) and Dr. Julius Rodenberg (a German *confrère*), this provides a really admirable survey of book-production during the past ten years. It leaves one thinking a good deal about the altered standards of printing and decoration which are so marked in England at the present day. Turning over the plates of this book, so fascinating yet so tantalizing (for to be shown a single page of a beautiful book is like seeing one corner of a rare carpet, one fragment of a painted bowl), one is aware of a revolution in process. Admittedly, it is not by any means complete. There are printers and publishers in plenty who fling their books on to the market with less consideration for esthetic, and practical, values than if they were manufacturing canned pineapples; and plenty of readers, apparently, who will part with their seven-and-sixpences or their guineas for oblong blocks of puffed-out paper, shoddy binding-cases, and poorly inked type that is hardly good enough for railroad tickets. But the process of penetration is unmistakable to anyone who examines the standards set by the best and most representative work of sixty, thirty, or even fifteen years ago.

There has been a great vogue of "fine printing" during these post-war years; and it has been very profitable to certain publishers and book-speculators. But it is worth while marking the sharp cleavage in values between what may be termed (*a*) period printing, and (*b*) contemporary printing. A great deal of the work published by the most successful practitioners of this "fine printing" has been of the former variety. It has specialized in the reproduction, more or less literal, of old-fashioned idioms in typography; and has produced results which, superficially, have been pleasing enough. But from the point of view of the creative printer and book-designer, such activity only leads the art into a blind-alley. Lovers of books would do better to turn their attention to "contemporary" or "modern" printing.

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OR THE
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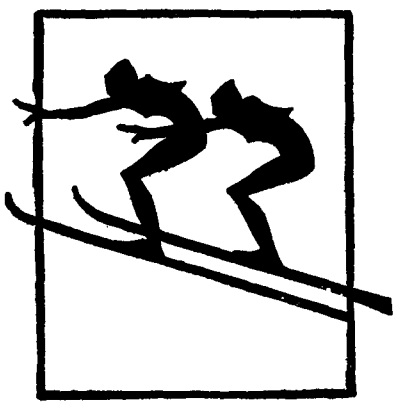

The worldly-wise are reading and applauding this gay new novel of international love.

JEROME, French, and therefore the perfect lover, playwright and so an authority on life, young and filled with illusions—meets UNI, daughter of cold Norway, female and to be treated chivalrously, young and of course unsophisticated. But Jerome's idea of the latitude of love was not the same as Uni's. . . .

The Goncourt Prize Novel, translated by Lawrence S. Morris. $2.00 at all bookstores.

THE VIKING PRESS
New York

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

During July and August the Wits' Weekly will appear every other week.

Competition No. 37. A first prize of ten dollars and a second prize of five dollars are offered to the two competitors who can suggest the largest number of acceptable new words designed to fill serious gaps in the everyday language of educated people. The standard of acceptability will be determined by (a) usefulness, (b) euphony, and (c) the validity of any derivations that the inventor sees fit to suggest. Specialized technical and scientific terms will not be acceptable. The word camouflage, adapted into English from the French *camoufler* during the war, may be cited as an unnecessarily strict example of the kind of word required. Competitors must not offer more than fifteen suggestions. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office, 125 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of July 16.)

Competition No. 38. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best Behaviorist's Lullaby for a Little Child. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office no later than the morning of July 30.)

Attention is called to the rules printed below.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH COMPETITION

The prize of fifteen dollars offered for the most convivial Prohibitionist's Drinking Song has been won by Miss Deborah C. Jones, of Cambridge, Mass.

THE PRIZE-WINNING ENTRY

A DRINKING SONG FOR PROHIBITIONISTS

COME drink with us, all gallant hearts!
The grape's rich purples gleam and darkle;
Cider its orchard-glow imparts,
And ginger-ale its tawny sparkle.

Cynics, have done with scowl and whine
That gaiety is gone with sherry:
If we may not be gay on wine,
Why then on water let's be merry.

For us, aglow with brave desire,
Water itself is over-heady;
What need we wine our hearts to fire
Who are aflame with youth already?

Bootlegging sneak, avaunt! We're spending
Our spirit on no wares so tawdry.
There's Phyllis like a white birch bending,
And all the mocking throat of Audrey.

Must we, of one delight bereft,
Grumble the rest away thereafter?
For grace and youth and love are left,
Fragrance, and flying hair, and laughter.

DEBORAH C. JONES.

This was an indignation meeting rather than a competition. If I had asked for a Hymn of Hate, a hearty curse on wine and whisky (which Heaven forbid!), or a vilification of prohibitionists in general, instead of a convivial drinking song, it would have been easier to pick a winning poem. As it is I award the prize with serious misgivings.

Edith B. Gage was the best of several who insisted on regarding "convivial prohibitionists" as a paradox. But her "Song of the Liquor Tasters' Table Round" did not make the most of a possible contradiction in terms. George O. Jager's prohibitionists sang with the contraband on the table, but they had not consumed enough to make the song as scandalous as it should have been. These, and other attempts to evade the issue, were not quite good enough to print.

When all the songs that weren't songs had been eliminated only a few shy entries remained and not all of these could fairly be called drinking songs. Deborah C. Jones deserves the first place, I think, (though even a water drinker might have been permitted a chorus to his song); Hill Carter Lucas, R. Desha Lucas, Marshall M. Brice (who imitates "Here's to the maiden of bashful sixteen"), Norma Paul Ruedi (whose song has a genuine ring), Merrick Wells, Leonard Doughty, and Phoebe Scribble all deserve mention. A selection of their entries follows. But this competition can only be called successful in so far as it confirms my deep conviction that nobody has ever written or ever will write a good poem on water or lemonade.

PROHIBITIONIST DRINKING SONGS

I.

Come drink the health
Of all the wealth
Made by the soft drink king;
Let's raise the glass
To every lass
And all teetotalers sing:

Drink a Dr. Pepper *at ten, two and four,*
Drink a Coca Cola *and wish for health no more;*
Whistle *when you're thirsty,*
Swig Bevo *every night,*
Drain your glass of Root Beer
And you will not be tight.

Buy a case of Ne Hi
To entertain the gals,
Put on ice some Ginger Ale
For all your good ole pals.

Take your full of Howdy,
And join in this refrain—
We'll drink a round of Nu Grape
And fill her up again
And fill her up again

NORMA PAUL RUEDI.

II.

Here's to the friends of Amendment Eighteen,
Like Volstead and Borah and Wheeler;
Let's hope that forever they'll hold her their queen
And not let opponents repeal 'er.

Chorus: *Let the wine go;*
Let water flow:
There's nothing so festive as pure H_2O.

Here's to conversion of all of her foes,
Like Edwards and Butler and Darrow;
May certain miraculous fates interpose
To drive them from standards so narrow.

Cho: *Let the wine, etc.*

Here's to the drought of the present decade
The drunkards and sots have endured, sir;
While we in our glee all have sipped lemonade,
And poisoning drinks have abjured, sir.

Cho: *Let the wine, etc.*

Here's to the liquid that lets us survive
While boozers are daily expiring.
There's nothing of terror in Formula Five
While water is all we're requiring.

Cho: *Let the wine, etc.*

Fill full your bumpers with water, or tea,
Or root-beer—we care not a feather,
Provided of spirits it's perfectly free—
And sing loud hosannas together.

Cho: *Let the wine go;*
Let water flow:
There's nothing so festive as pure H_2O.

MARSHALL M. BRICE.

RULES

(Competitors failing to comply with rules will be disqualified.) 1. Envelopes should be addressed to "The Competitions Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City." The number of the competition (e. g., "Competition 37") must be written on the top left-hand corner. 2. ALL MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. 3. *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

GERMAN BAROQUE ART. By SACHEVERELL SITWELL. Doran. 1928. $6.

To the loverlike extravagance with which Mr. Sitwell approached the Southern Baroque succeeds a husbandlike sobriety as he deals with the art of baroque Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. His general aim is to remind us that the race which was producing the finest music of the time was not deficient in architectural design. What results is really a guidebook of superior make and of distinguished literary execution. Very sensibly, for his illustrations the author depends largely on contemporary engravings, which are much more legible than photographs. Nothing else in English covers the ground. So this book should have a wide reading and usefulness among discriminating travellers who, having outgrown early prejudice, have learned to value the inexhaustible inventiveness and vitality of the great baroque designers. An admirer of the Viennese decorative painters will hope that a little place for them may be found in the later editions which are sure to be wanted.

A SIMPLE GUIDE TO PICTURES AND PAINTING. By MARGARET H. BULLEY. Dutton. 1928.

A reviewer's issue with this vivacious and generally well-informed book will be chiefly with the title. The book really is not simple at all, but implies a considerable culture in the reader. It is originally conceived and enriched by apposite citation from the writings of artists and critics. There are rather more inaccuracies than one accepts from an author of talent. The printing is throughout careless, Gauguin, for example, consistently lacking his second u. There is no evidence that Perugino led an "evil life," or that Cézanne ever saw a Greco. In general, the book may be recommended to students who have passed the beginner's stage.

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE IN ART. By *O. P. Fairfield*. Macmillan. $5.
CARICATURE. By *C. R. Ashbee*. Scribners. $8.
MODERN MASTERS OF ETCHING. *H. Rushbury*. Rudge. $2.25.
MASTERS OF THE COLOR PRINT. *W. Giles*. Rudge. $2.25.
FIFTY PRINTS. Introduction by *Rockwell Kent*. Rudge. $10.

Belles Lettres

THE LAST BOHEMIA. By FRANCIS CARCO. Holt. 1928. $3.

The prolific Francis Carco, who has written innumerable books on innumerable subjects, all successful with the French public, has nevertheless made himself supreme as chronicler of Bohemian life in Paris. His novels, since the early "Jésus-la-Caille" (which he has never surpassed), have been largely devoted to the once picturesque quarters of Montmartre and Montparnasse. His life of Villon, and more recently his biography of Utrillo, have blended fiction and fact nicely to give the public an idea of the process by which a great artist is formed in spite of poverty or personal defects. Whether the period be the fourteenth century, the 'nineties, or the present, M. Carco is able to serve it up, vivid, moving, and always picturesque. Not perhaps a writer of importance, he is the perfect historian for artistic Paris.

His book of essays on the personalities and the cafés of the period just before and just after the war—from 1905 to 1925—makes amusing if somewhat disconnected reading. The procession of names is impressive. The subsequently great, the about-to-be-great, and the merely eccentric pass in review. Picasso, Utrillo, Max Jacob, Mac Orlan, Dorgélès, Pierre Benoît, Apollinaire, Marie Laurencin, share the stage with the restaurant keepers and the well-disposed concierges, who often kept them alive. The account of Carco's meetings with them is sometimes confusing, but a consciousness of the very large amount of good work that all of them managed to turn out, despite the conditions under which they lived, makes even their minor adventures touching. Mrs. Boyd's translation has given us the whole picture.

VASSAR JOURNAL OF UNDERGRADUATE STUDIES. Vol. III. Vassar College.
THE SOURCES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By *Arundell Esdaile*. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).
ENGLISH LITERATURE. By *Margharita Windows*. Dutton. $3.
RALPH WALDO EMERSON. By *Robert M. Gay*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.
GREEK RHETORIC AND LITERARY CRITICISM. By *W. Rhys Roberts*. Longmans, Green.

Juvenile

The Children's Bookshop will appear again in the middle of August. Until then reviews will be printed in this section.

Poetry

SPRING PLOWING. By CHARLES MALAM. Doubleday, Doran. 1928.

As if a tree, weathered under Vermont skies, swayed into rhythm—such a figure of speech is suggested by Charles Malam's "Spring Plowing." His lines are wistful, and yet free of the elements. They stand up and thrust their beauty on the horizon of the mind.

If there were only laughter in the sky,
Great jeering thunder rolling down the day
With heavy rumbles; if the trees would sway
And tremble with shrill laughter, with a cry
Of savage mockery hurl the darkness by
All night, all night, and rive the listening clay
In slivers; if the hills would rock and sway
And fling back their vast echoes far and high—

Here is vehement cadence. The poem entitled "Ostrich" reveals natural waves of emotion, in each broken line. But most often Mr. Malam is terse, after the fashion of true Vermonters. Always the hills (the finality of the hills against the sky) rest in his inner vision, and create his poise.

THE HILLS

The hills—who has understood the hills,
Understood what they dream of in the noon
In the heat, when the dust of roads fills
All their pores, when they breathe in a swoon
Of dim haze, when they doze to the croon
Of crickets, to the croon that distills
In the dusk, that floats up across the moon
After dusk, when the winds sweep the hills?

I have lain in the grass in the dusk,
After day, after closing of the night,
When the hills were a shadow, were a husk
Of shadows, and the moon great and white.
And I felt the hills waken in my hand,
In my fingers . . . but I could not understand.

To anyone born sensitive to the hill-country, this will be precious.

Mr. Malam displays his greatest gifts in the six poems under the heading "Interval." J. J. Lankes has caught the spirit of the poems in his accompanying wood-cuts.

Religion

THE STORY OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS: a Study of the Hebrew Decalogue in its Ancient and Modern Application. By C. H. MOEHLMAN. Harcourt, Brace. 1928. $2.50.

The variation in moral standards within Jewish and Christian development is the fascinating theme of this book by the Professor of the History of Christianity at Rochester Theological Seminary. Taking as his text the scriptural ten commandments he shows how emphasis has changed throughout the centuries, so that the original meanings of the commands have, for better or for worse, been supplanted by new ideals. The change has usually been for the better, though not always. It has been a doubtful gain when the joyous Jewish festival of the sabbath gave place to the Puritan Sunday. The eighth and tenth commandments also have been used to buttress modern theories of the divine rights of the wealthy, of the duty of work, and the defense of the *status quo*. Other transitions traced by the book are in the matter of images in worship and in the position of women and children. Mr. Moehlman shows how the explanation has changed "from misuse to suppression of the divine name," "from bearing false witness to genuineness."

His book is well conceived and very successfully carried through. It is popular and interesting and at the same time informative and challenging. It shows the variation in moral standards without destroying the desire for moral improvement. It inculcates independence of the past and

(*Continued on page* 1027)

The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. Mrs. Becker's summer headquarters will be at 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea, London, where letters should be addressed.

THE Reader's Guide is now installed in England for what is hopefully called the summer. My mail goes to Chelsea, focus of my social activities, but my typewriter is set up on the Thames, in an old house back of a brown brick wall. When the house was built I don't know, but I am told it is on maps of 1690, and the two holly-trees beside the covered walk are almost as tall as those on Smith Island, and Captain John Smith found those growing when he came to Virginia. At the back is a garden now heavy with lilac; a nightingale is promised for warmer weather, and now, in this icy month of May, a cuckoo insists that sumer is icumen in. From my sitting-room windows I see the river slip past the foot of the garden and curl through bushy Bewick trees into the private sunset that goes with the property. Fortunately my study faces the other way, else I could never get anything done: you go up two steps as in "Bleak House" and there you are in a nest of books; my typewriter settled down without surprise, and even the intractable Publishers' Trade List Annual adapts itself with amazing meekness to the window-seat. Working conditions are indeed so good that all ambition for work has clean gone, and how I'm to finish that book I promised Stokes for September I don't know.

In accordance with custom, I begin the season with obeisance to the novels companioning me upon the ocean voyage. This year it should be a salaam. We set out in a gale that carried the pilots of two other ships all the way to Europe, and all the way over our own ship seemed trying to travel on its back—a feat that most of the travellers performed without trying. A book that will beguile such a pair of days as began this trip is worth passing on, so I recommend as likely to take the mind off almost anything the two volumes of "The Years Between," by Paul Feval and M. Lassez (Longmans). These two Frenchmen have set about filling the gap between "Three Musketeers" and "Twenty Years After," having found no evidence that the Guardsmen were anesthetized for this period and knowing that nothing less would have kept them out of danger for so long. D'Artagnan and Cyrano de Bergerac, and a lovely young man for whose future in the next volume I tremble—for these gentlemen have Dumas's own trick of closing on the chord of the diminished seventh. I do not know how this book goes in French, but in English it can scarce be told from the Dumas of, say, "The Vicomte de Bragelonne," and I don't see why it should not be admitted, if not to the canon, at least to the apochrypha.

Fortunately Princess Marthe Bibesco's "Catherine-Paris" (Harcourt, Brace) came out in time to take it eastward; it must make sad reading for one heading away from the City of Light. For the city is its heroine rather than the highly-connected young woman whose adventures it tells. For instance: "Like bottled wine, people who suffer from Paris fever begin to ferment in May. Like particles of iron, they are drawn to the magnet; like salmon, they migrate up the Seine; they seek the city which gives them life; and, if they are held back, they show their loyalty by still adhering, in spite of distance, to all the hundred little revolutions of Paris, which renew and revivify the world by changing the form of women." Or who would not choke up at least a trifle over this: "The spaces between the monuments were filled with gray apartment houses which, though of an ordinary type, were lovelier than those of any other city; on their bare façades, as on a lithographer's stone, it is written that they are the houses of Paris."

I then reread Esther Forbes's "A Mirror for Witches" (Houghton Mifflin), having found myself at the last moment unable to leave it in America for the summer, and decided that it does directly what Romer Wilson has just tried to do by indirection in her life of Emily Brontë called "All Alone" (A. & C. Boni)—that is, it gives a reader,

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from page 1023*)

shivering back from the sight, a chance to look into a soul that believes itself lost in the love of Lucifer. If I could say that without alliteration I would, but those l's belong to just the words I mean. Then came Bernard De Voto's "The House of Sun-Goes-Down" (Macmillan), beginning after the collapse of the Confederacy and trailing two generations of iron-jawed fate-fighters, first through desert reclamation, then through copper-mining even more deadly. The story is strewn with the wreckage of the ten commandments, and somehow gives me a sense no recent book has given, of the price at which the West was bought. I then sought repose in E. F. Benson's adorable "Queen Lucia," which seems to be in every British ship's library, so that I enjoy it twice a year; I am saving "Lucia in London," its lately-published sequel, to read in Chelsea itself. Because most of the trip was too stormy to open my trunk, Stark Young's "The Torches Flare" (Scribner) came so late that it lasted into the garden above-mentioned. Advance notices of this novel prepared me for the admirable contrast of one American civilization against another—Greenwich Village against a college town in the Far South—as neat a piece of social criticism as that which sets America beside Italy in "The Three Fountains." But they did not prepare me for its clairvoyant understanding of human ways and weaknesses. At least seven people in this book I would know again if I met them in Heaven with their bodies off—and one of them has not the least chance of getting there. This assortment of fiction covered the way from Fire Island to Gallion's Reach—this being the last stretch of the Thames before King George Fifth's Docks.

O. R. C., Boston, Mass., asks if there is a biography of Frederick the Great in the newer manner, or must the student still use Carlyle's.

THE one in Putnam's "Stories of the Nations," W. F. Reddaway's "Frederick the Great and the Rise of Prussia," is newer in date than Carlyle's, but I can't say that it is newer in manner—indeed Carlyle's "History of Friedrich II. of Prussia" (Scribner) is one of the books not of an age but for all time. But no one has treated him as Klabund, for example, has dealt with Peter the Great or Katherine Anthony with Catherine the Great, and the nearest I can come to filling the order is with "The Days of the King," a set of episodes from the life of the King, freely set forth in fiction form by Bruno Frank, whose admiration for the hero is not incompatible with humor and clearsightedness. Bruno Frank is the author of the delightful play "Twelve Thousand," now being performed by the Garrick Players in this city with gratifying success; in this the monarch appears only upon the horizon, as invisible power protecting the peasants of an unnamed German principality from being sold by their hereditary ruler to fight as "the Hessians" in the American Revolution.

J. R. H., Babylon, L. I., asks for books instructive to one possessed with a desire to write.

BEGIN with Henry Seidel Canby's "Better Writing" (Harcourt, Brace) and see what it does for you, or to you; it is a little book full of high-power facts. "English Composition" by Greenough and Hersey (Macmillan) is an excellent text-book; with this may well be used the same author's "Specimens of Prose Composition" (Ginn). William Tenney Brewster's "English Composition and Style" (Century) sets the student actually to writing; it it inspiring as well as informing.

Of books about writing there is no end: I hesitate to advise more than a few of them, remembering the state of Rostand's Chantecler after the guests at the Guinea Hen's party had set him thinking about just how he had produced his voice. But no one could be other than inspired by Quiller Couch's "On the Art of Writing" (Putnam), or by anything that this ingratiating master of English sees fit to set upon paper; or by the brilliant and searching study of "Style" (Longmans), by Sir Walter Raleigh—or by anything that he wrote about writing.

Get a dictionary and learn to love it. In my "Reader's Guide Book" (Holt), now in any public library, is a chapter on books valuable in forming literary style; and in "Adventures in Reading" (Stokes) is one called "A Chapter Not to Be Read—Unless You Intend to Write."

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* * * * *

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By Carl Purington Rollins

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IT looks as if no one will ever again enjoy the satisfaction of collecting a great Shakespeare library. Before there had been time enough to realize all that is implied in Mr. Folger's statement that his collection will be given a permanent home in Washington, comes the news that eighty-eight of Mr. William A. White's Shakespeare quartos are now in the Harvard Library's Treasure Room. This means that within these recent weeks, approximately half the floating supply of the books without which no library of English literature can claim to be really first class, have passed beyond the reach of collectors.

The significance of the actual situation is made more striking by the fact that there are four men now living, and two others died recently, who have had the pleasure of owning a shelf-full of seventeenth century editions of Shakespeare's plays. One other, Mr. Alexander Smith Cochrane, hardly counts, although he owned one of the best collections, but only long enough to arrange for its transfer from Devonshire House in London to the Elizabethan Club at Yale. The successors of these collectors will boast of possessing one or two or three of the quarto editions, but not of many more.

For nearly thirty years, Mr. Folger and Henry E. Huntington ran neck and neck in their race for Shakespearean preëminence. Mr. Huntington knew that he could not count on time, so he threw his money into the game more recklessly, and won. He had the satisfaction of knowing before he died that he was on a par with the British Museum, in original editions of Shakespeare, outstripping all other rivals. Mr. Folger, however, is not dead yet, and who knows but that the ancient fable may have its truth verified again, and the old tortoise may win in the end.

❧ ❧

Of the other collectors, the most interesting is Marsden J. Perry of Providence. His modest beginnings acquired distinction when he secured the Halliwell-Phillips Shakespeare collection. He added several volumes of the highest importance, and his name is assured of a permanent place in the annals of Shakespeareana. But his interest waned after he learned that the hope of securing the Duke of Devonshire's collection had been frustrated by Mr. Cochrane's action, and somewhat later the Perry books passed into Dr. Rosenbach's possession. This sale was notable in itself, but it has an added importance for bookish history, because this transaction was the first sign that George D. Smith had met his master, and been worsted. The best of the Perry treasures were allotted to the two chief rivals. A number of the others went to enrich the library of Mr. John L. Clawson of Buffalo.

Meanwhile, not greatly affected by all the excitement which the zeal of younger collectors was arousing, Mr. William A. White kept to his daily routine of walking from his home in Brooklyn to his Wall Street office, thinking more often than not of certain matters which had interested him ever since his college days at Harvard. These thoughts all centered about the group of English play writers who were active during the last decade of Queen Elizabeth's reign. As opportunity offered, he bought the early editions of the books they wrote, and other books written at the same time. He read each book as he got it, and then he read again the other books which might help him to understand what the new book was about. In the process of time, Mr. White came to know more about the intimacies of that greatest decade in England's literary history than, in all probability, any other student of modern time. It is this fact, that his Shakespeare quartos are not only a priceless possession in themselves, but that they are a monument to a prosperous business man who was at the same time a perfect exemplar of the scholarly life, which makes the gift from his wife and children to his Alma Mater so appropriate.

The appropriateness of the gift does not alter the fact that these books have passed out of the reach of other collectors. What is more, not only did the Clawson Shakespeares return to Dr. Rosenbach, but, as readers of his delightful reminiscences will recall, he secured Sir George Holford's quartos, giving him a collection of these treasures which he valued, when he issued his book, at a million dollars. He is now the only private individual left with a shelf full of Shakespeares which he can call his own.

W.

LABORATORY PRESS SPECIMENS

FIFTEEN examples of students' *projets* from the Laboratory Press of the Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh have just come from the Master of the Press, Mr. Porter Garnett. This makes the total of such specimens sixty-nine (counting only those actually sent out to date) since number one was issued on June 3, 1923. These *projets* are efforts by Mr. Garnett's students at the typographic arrangement of miscellaneous pieces of "copy" chosen from a wide variety of sources. Some are plain type effects, some are decorative, many are in two colors, some are printed on the hand press, some on power presses. Many varieties of type and paper have been employed, and innumerable shapes and sizes, from the smaller broadsides to the latest specimen, "Two Passages from the Journal of Henry Marston," which is a large and handsome folio with cover.

From the first issue several tendencies have been apparent. There has been an extremely intelligent selection of type faces (such as one would expect from Mr. Garnett's fastidious knowledge of such matters), and they have been used with judgment and discretion, and, if not quite in the way which the Master of the Press would use them, at least with obvious evidence of his presence in the office. There has been, too, I think, a certain progress in the certainty with which they have been handled. And the use of hand printing has increased—indeed, during the last Easter recess Mr. Garnett and two of his students made 2,600 impressions that way.

These *projets* represent a consciencious effort on the part of the Laboratory Press to teach the fundamentals of type arrangement and design quite distinct from the merely mechanical work of the usual "trade school," and for that reason are of much greater value to the craft as a whole. It is encouraging to have at least one course of instruction in printing which does not yield to the seductive allurement of machinery nor regard mere technical proficiency in the use of such machines as the end and aim of teaching printing.

R.

"THUMB BIBLE OF JOHN TAYLOR"

THE "Sixty-fourmos," that active group of collectors of small books, has issued as their first publication an account of the Thumb Bible of John Taylor, to which is added a tentative bibliography of editions. The author is Wilbur Macey Stone, and one hundred copies have been printed on Normandy vellum. It is an entertaining book.

A KELMSCOTT PRESS SOUVENIR

THE very fine exhibition (not to go into superlatives—which is difficult not to do) of Kelmscott Press books held at the Grolier Club in April has emphasized and commemorated by "A Chronological List of the Books Printed at the Kelmscott Press, with illustrative material from a collection made by William Morris and Henry C. Marillier, now in the Library of Marsden J. Perry of Providence, Rhode Island," prepared for members of the Club. The bibliographical interest of the catalogue, and its place alongside the work of Cockerell, Sparling, and Tomkinson, can better be judged by those whose business is primarily bibliography: I would like to suggest some interesting considerations of the Catalogue as a piece of printing.

When Morris set out to design books, his first venture was with a font of type which somewhere nearly approximated his notion of what type ought to be—but only

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approximated. There was nowhere available any type which suited his idea of color or drawing. Since 1891, however, extraordinary results have come from the effort of several men to revive some of the fine type faces of the past. Notably, Mr. Stanley Morison has succeeded in reproducing, more or less accurately, a fine face used by Aldus, and if it is not the same thing as the type of the "Hypnerotomachia," the "Poliphilus" type is a handsome, virile letter. With this at his service, Mr. Updike has made a small volume distinctly in his own style, but so completely in accord with the work issued from the Kelmscott Press as to fit snugly in to any collection of such books.

The paper used is the "Hammer and Anvil" kind, made familiar by Morris, but, unfortunately, printed dry by modern machinery, the impression, while full, black and even, is not quite so good as if properly dampened before printing. Printing on dampened paper, however, is almost one of the lost arts: the modern pressroom, which is warm and dry, is completely antagonistic to such printing, and it would seem wiser to use machine made paper, which is intended for modern methods.

It is hardly necessary, nowadays, to call attention to the care with which the Merrymount Press sets type. There is no other printing office which is so skilful and successful at this fundamental point in printing. This catalogue is an example of perfect type-setting, and to the thoughtful compositor is at once a joy and a despair.

All who had to do with this book, printer, donor, and fortunate Grolier Club recipients, must feel elated at its beauty. R.

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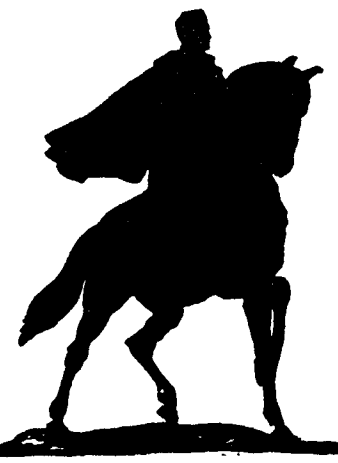

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EVERY once in a while we wander into Brentano's in our lunch-time, descend the steps at the back of the store and look over the counters full of all kinds of magazines. We try to bluff ourself into the belief that we are gathering material. Well, today, as we scanned the various periodicals several things popped into our mind to say. In the first place, we came across the third issue of *This Quarter,* that transoceanic exotic now captained solely by *Ethel Moorhead,* inasmuch as *Ernest Walsh* has lately been gathered to his fathers. This issue is a bright green and contains much comment on the late Ernest Walsh and a voluminous selection from his poems and some of his unfinished prose. In the latter we were surprised to see our own real name blazoned forth at least three times and noticed that we were linked with *Gilbert K. Chesterton.* Not that Walsh could have thought we were anything like Chesterton, or that Chesterton ever heard of us, but because it seems that Mr. Chesterton must have said Mr. Walsh was foolish at about the same time that we said it. *De mortuis,* and all that,—still, we feel that, in the issue of *This Quarter* which we criticized, Mr. Walsh did show himself at the time to be extremely foolish. We haven't ever seen what Mr. Chesterton said. . . .

In his riposte, unfortunately unfinished, Mr. Walsh said that he knew what he liked and why he liked it; and that Mr. Chesterton and ourself neither knew what we liked or had any logical reasons for our predispositions. We were confused and maundering and only important because we represented a great mass of confused and maundering people,—while Mr. Walsh and his friends were, of course, clear-sighted, keen-witted, highly intelligent. All this was intimated. Now really, we hold no particular brief for Mr. Chesterton, any more than—if he had ever heard of us—Mr. Chesterton would hold a brief for us. We have enjoyed some of Mr. Chesterton's writing, both in prose and poetry, enormously. And there are some of his mannerisms and ideas that we hate. But that is beside the point. If Mr. Walsh had ever debated on a platform with Mr. Chesterton it would have been simply a walkover for Mr. Chesterton. That we know beyond peradventure; we have only to read the late Mr. Walsh's prose to know it. Anything more disconnected, wild and woolly, and frequently almost witless we have seldom encountered in controversial writing. . . .

Mr. Walsh is dead, and it is right that those who saw genius in him should do him honor. Far be it from us to grudge him his adherents. He was a fighting independent. But a fighting spirit and an independent attitude have, of course, nothing to do with whether or not a man is—well, just an ordinarily good writer. We still feel that Mr. Walsh did not qualify as such; his egomania always got in the way of his saying anything cogent. He was often unconsciously humorous. And his poems written in a sort of gibberish (influenced tremendously for the worse by James Joyce) are tragic in their indication of a mind going to pieces. His earlier poems, while not distinguished, were, at least, readable. . . .

Mr. Walsh was an extreme symbol of a trend of his time. That trend is toward intense egomania, frothing egomania, to the subversion of everything that constitutes good writing. If the literature of the future is to be simply very bad writing exploiting this egomania,—but obviously this is impossible. There are too many people in the world who can write good English, there always will be. There are too many people in the world who have truly interesting ideas, there always will be. And another thing,—our belief remains unshaken that if a man or woman is a truly great writer, all he or she has to do to prove it—is to write. Controversy (however amusing it may be as a relaxation) is unnecessary. Writing is always a revelation of anyone's greatness or smallness; the revelation is involuntary and inevitable. Mr. Walsh spent a good deal of time shouting about the five (or some number) writers who were the greatest in the world. That was his opinion. It was not ours. So it remains. But the shouting was as useless as all this publishing ballyhoo that is going on around us all the time. Such tumult proves nothing at all. The writing remains; it is before all intelligent people; by a writer's work alone is he judged. The fact that we shouted from the housetops for a decade that Smith, Brown, and Robinson were the greatest geniuses the world had ever seen would not affect their actual artistic achievement or lack of achievement in the least. The future does not hear the organized cheering. It simply reads and discards. There is little writing that it keeps. . . .

Still, we must say, that we had a great deal of enjoyment at the time in endeavoring to puncture Mr. Walsh's balloons. And we heartily believe that he had a great deal of fun out of trying to annihilate us. This was all byplay, and a no more childish recreation than Man's other recreations. Wherever Mr. Walsh now is, we wish him well. Life was very exciting to him, and that was a great thing. Life is too little exciting to most of us. . . .

Another thing we learned at Brentano's is that *Arthur Sullivant Hoffman* is no longer the editor of *McClure's.* That periodical with such a checkered career since the grand old days, has been bought by *James R. Quirk.* He is going to make it a business man's magazine. Mr. Hoffman doesn't believe that business is a Big Game or that the American business man is a mighty figure of romance. So he resigned. We quite agree with him. But it is a pity, this change in *McClure's.* Mr. Hoffman is one of the few really intelligent magazine editors in the country, as well as being a delightful writer. As for the business man, this idea of business being a Big Game has been handled sufficiently well by Bernard Shaw and others. The business man, taken individually, is of all sorts and conditions, naturally. We have known some most pleasant and interesting people who were certainly business men. We have known others who were perfectly terrible. And we have known artists who were perfectly terrible. The trouble with making a magazine a Business Man's Magazine is that it comes to address itself to the most uninteresting and unenlightened portion of its audience. Well, the typographical and illustrative makeup of the *New McClure's* can't very well deteriorate after this issue we saw, for the said issue is the greatest mess of shrieking type and bad illustration that we have scanned for a long time. What a terrific hodge-podge! . . . .

. . . .

A book to be published soon by Putnam's that seems to us worth putting in advance orders for has been collaborated upon by the Beebes, namely *William Beebe,* the explorer, and his wife, *Elswyth Thane,* the novelist. The idea of the book is a most original one. It arose out of much family argument concerning the beauty of myth as opposed to the splendor of science. Miss Thane, the novelist, naturally upholds the banner of Legend. Mr. Beebe finds the facts of science far more fascinating. For an example, take the Sargossa Sea. *Coleridge* wrote

The very deep did rot! O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

That is sufficient thrill for Miss Thane. But Mr. Beebe rejoins:

> And what rotting Phoenician galley in that mythical grave of dead ships ever equalled in interest and beauty, to say nothing of antiquity, the great Portuguese man-of-war jellyfish?

A few among the dozens of controversial subjects to be encountered in the book are—sea-serpents, ghosts, dragons and other mythical monsters, vampires, moonlight superstitions, mermaids, Don Quixote's horse, witches, poison trees and other magical plants, fairies, enchanted islands, local curses, Atlantis, taboos, etc. These are discussed with varying restraint or with violence. Miss Thane occupies the left-hand page with prose, quotations, and drawings. Mr. Beebe argues on the opposite page, with photographs, illustrations, and the most erudite scientific details in popular language. The book's title is an armed truce. It is called, "The Beauty of Myth and the Splendor of Science". . . .

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and this, to show a different manner, from "Miranda's Supper":

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Wherein Psyche, pink and cream,
Slim-handed slants the candle-beam
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Points of View

A Protest

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Your critic, Donald A. Roberts, evidently misses the chief point of my "Life of Beardsley" when he deplores the fact that I do not show Beardsley in a dominating atmosphere of literary and artistic decadence that marked the decade. It is precisely what did not happen; it is a carefully fostered myth —this conquest of art and literature in the 'nineties by Beardsley and the Decadents. But as I am publishing in the near future a survey of the whole decade, your critic will have no cause to complain of my omission to recognize what never was, but what he and so many critics of to-day have been led into believing as having existed—and what, very naturally, he and they are loth to confess has been their absurd obsession.

For these tricked minds he proceeds to assert that in my life of Beardsley there is nothing of fact or interpretation that is new. I wonder where he learnt it all. But I wonder still more why so able a writer thinks that criticism is the picking of holes. Why does he stop to invent statements or suggestions that I have never made? I never even hinted that Alice Meynell contributed to Beardsley's *Yellow Book*. I gave the generally accepted, rather vaguely gossipped rumor, that Alice Meynell and William Watson brought about the cashiering of Beardsley, but I gave it for what it was worth, as John Lane repeatedly assured me that the protesters were the tools—and not too willing tools—of Mrs. Humphry Ward, then an extraordinary power in the literary world with her husband on the *Times*. Alice Meynell was too gentle a spirit to harm anybody.

Again, your critic (who, be it remembered, can find nothing new in the book!) challenges the fact that Beardsley invented *The Yellow Book*, but Harland has told us that it was wholly Beardsley's idea, in order to publish his drawings and Harland's literary work—of course a more narrow scheme that John Lane and Elkin Mathews eventually developed in the form in which I give it in the Life. As for these wonderful "others, especially qualified to know the details of the matter, who tell a different story," I know them well—perhaps that is why I always take a pinch of salt with the anonymous Know-Alls. Mr. Roberts would do well to cut them out of his visiting list.

But I am pleased to find that your critic approves my estimate of Beardsley's artistry, though it is curious that he finds me venomous against Morris when so many critics abuse me for taking the part of Morris against Beardsley. I take the part of neither.

However, let me come to what really is rather a blatant piece of ingratitude in Mr. Roberts. On the edge of manhood I was startled by the fact that Ruskin, whom we had all been taught to look upon as a supreme critic of painting, did not recognize a work of art at all when he stood before the art of Whistler. It was in consequence that I tested all the leading philosophers and critics on the arts and found that every one of them failed as badly as Ruskin, in that none of their definitions would contain a fairly representative group of the masterpieces of the ages. From that I proceded to dig down into the foundation of the arts; and it was in the doing that I discovered precisely what the arts were. I gave those researches to print from time to time; and I have seen them cautiously filched and calmly stolen; but as the brain-thieves had not the foundations on which those researches were built, I eventually published them, and later gathered them together in simple form in "The Splendid Wayfaring."

Now evidently they have even reached Mr. Roberts—in some distorted form—for he now has the effrontery to fling the main revelation *at me* as if it were his own! The which is at least to say ungenerous. At the same time it is rather pleasant to find that I have reached even Mr. Roberts. It is pleasant to find him bawling to a dull world that art is the emotional interpretation of life, and not—and never can be—mere perfection of craftsmanship. Let him read "The Splendid Wayfaring" and he may become even wiser still—even deign to acknowledge his teacher instead of patronizing him and handing him his own words like a scold. But ugly as is his repudiation of my teaching, it is even uglier to impute to me what is the very negation of all my life's writing in order that he may throw stones at his own imputations. But I am rejoiced to see him agree that perfection of craftsmanship alone would not have made the obscene drawings of the "Sysistrata" into masterpieces. I agree. But Beardsley as artist had every right to utter obscene moods —can Mr. Roberts follow that? The miserable folly of his doing so is that the masterpieces are still-born, for they are like a song unsung, a melody that no one dare play. But if Mr. Roberts will read carefully through "The Splendid Wayfaring" he will rid himself of the hopeless fog which envelops the whole of his thinking on the arts and will be ashamed to stoop to misrepresentation of what I have written in order to show his own cleverness by slinging at these misrepresentations stones from his sling which he has stolen out of my pocket. Above all he will scorn to be found uttering the cheap sneer that my estimate of Beardsley's art "remains the generally accepted one," when he knows—or ought to know—that it strikes at the whole myth that has risen about Beardsley and exposes the fatuity of Beardsley and the Decadents that art is a matter of perfection of craftsmanship.

HALDANE MACFALL.

London.

"R" Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Mr. Nicholas Brown takes exception to my review of "Sulamith" in a recent number of this journal. I stand pat. The name of the face of type is a matter of fact: he says it is Caslon, I say it is not. I leave this to any competent typographer, only warning Mr. Brown that I have won the bet before now in similar cases! I do not question the fact that the paper was made to his special order, that the illustrations were especially drawn, etc., but neither do several correspondents, who have written me enthusiastically about my review, question the fact that all that is ballyhoo.

I admit the impeachment that I did not review the text. My especial field is typography, and where the physical dress of a book is so absurdly emphasized as it was in this edition of "Sulamith" it is evident that the publisher wishes to draw especial attention to that "fact." The defense rests.

CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS.

New Haven, Conn.

A Fact for Dr. Watson

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I'll leave it to more experienced fiction writers than I to discuss the necessity for looking at life through the behaviorist's keyhole in order to write novels that are psychologically sound. I share with Dr. Watson his irritation at writers who write about life without understanding it; though I differ with him, apparently, as to the total veracity of the view which Sinclair Lewis sees from his particular little keyhole. I hope authors aren't going to overdevelop the keyhole habit.

But on the question of the helpfulness to authors of contact with business men in making writing a business, I have something to contribute. We who write (especially if we are self-supporting women) have our financial problems while we are getting foothold. My two brothers—one a lawyer, the other the owner of a hauling and transfer business—realizing an independence of spirit in me, were helpful with suggestions. "Writing is a business," they said, and told me how young lawyers and haulers managed things financially. Their advice must have been good. At any rate, I prospered to the extent of several thousand dollars the year that followed my first six months (during which I sold nothing) of free lancing.

Then one day I needed money—only a few hundred dollars. I had learned my lesson well. "Writing is a business," I said; so, selecting carbon copies of half a dozen manuscripts which I modestly estimated at a thousand dollars, I took them to my bank.

"I've been in business for myself for a year and a half now," I told them. I named half a dozen reputable magazines where they could find my work, explained that the manuscripts in my hand would bring me, doubtless, a thousand dollars within a year, and in a good businesslike tone of voice told them I wanted a loan of only five hundred dollars. To prove that I was not overstating my case you may find, if you wish, one of those manuscripts in *Harper's* within the past year, and another in the current issue of the *Forum*. (Dr. Watson's "Feed Me on Facts" makes me wish that *Forum* article was on Misbehaviorism rather than on Psychoparalysis.)

To make a long story brief, I wired later that day to my brothers: "Put up your law business and trucks as collateral and get me $500. Address me at the Bellevue Psychopathic Ward."

For that is where making writing a business—with a banker, not a behaviorist, I mean—landed me.

EDNA YOST.

New York City.

The New Books

Religion

(*Continued from page* 1023)

consecration to the future. The author begins dramatically by representing four young men each studying the Ten Commandments as differently selected, numbered or interpreted by his own church. He deals clearly with the literary and religious problems of the origin of the Decalogue in Israelitish history. The book, however, in the main collects telling quotations and explicit evidence from a great variety of sources to show the strange evolution of ideals. With the slightest exceptions the data given may be regarded as trustworthy, though the sources are rarely named. The story of the Ten Commandments is thus made neither a sermon nor an ethical treatise, but a kaleidoscopic tale of humanity's life.

Travel

SPAIN FROM THE SOUTH. By J. B. TREND. Knopf. 1928. $5.

Mr. Trend established himself as one of the most intelligent interpreters of the Iberian peninsula with his two volumes of essays, "Alfonso The Wise" and "A Picture of Modern Spain." His new volume set out to be more a unified study than either of its predecessors; indeed, it was intended as a travellers' companion, useful in all parts of the country, but by the time its author had reached Toledo the material had accumulated to such an extent that he tacked on a trio of essays, including one of exceptional merit on "The Second Part of Don Quixote," and left the rest of the story. One is justified therefore in expecting another volume.

Naturally, most of the present book is devoted to the Spain of the Moors, with especial attention to Cordoba and Granada and Sevilla, and Mr. Trend writes with admirable good sense about the Moorish influence, and without being at all carried away by the habitual travelers' enthusiasms for such Coneyislandesque bits as the restored portions of the Alhambra. The Alhambra, he discovers, is an architectural poem when viewed by moonlight. He writes delightfully of the famous "Dance of the Seises" on the altar of the Cathedral of Sevilla, and waxes ironical at the Spanish habit of attaching certain adjectives to certain cities, as, for example, calling Sevilla pretty and precious and Granada precious and enchanting. Of course, *preciosa* does not translate exactly as precious, but this does not spoil the point of the shaft.

In detached and rather fragmentary form, there is a good deal of early Spanish history in "Spain from the South," that is, the history of the Visigothic period and of the Moorish occupation. There is a highly provocative chapter on "Hispano-Mauresque Poetry" with examples, and there are informal conversations on a variety of subjects that are skilfully set down and illuminative.

There are also two fine chapters on Toledo, the second, inevitably, on "Toledo and El Greco." Mr. Trend writes of the Greek with respect, but by an odd slip, the famous painting of his own city by its most noted artist is credited in the illustration to the son of El Greco.

Mr. Trend has not made his book the indispensable guide he seems to have set out to write, but he has written a volume that is certain to make its readers wish to pursue the subjects he touches upon further. What he has to say about places and things to see has the great merit of accuracy and his comment is that of an intelligent student of Spanish life, sympathetic, but not sentimental.

Fate, Fortune,

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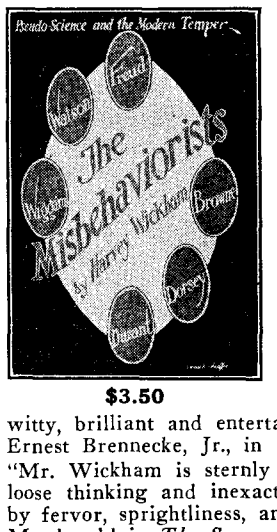

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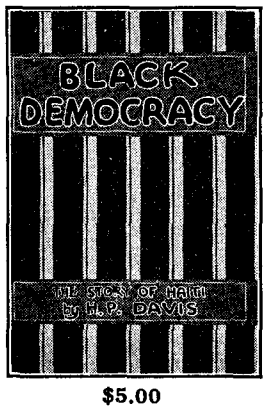

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